Saturday Review

October 2, 1965 25¢

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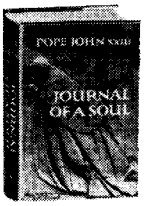

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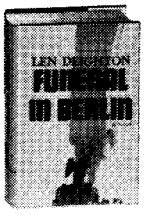

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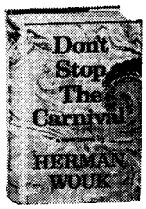

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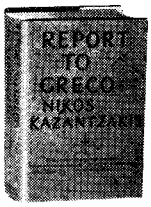

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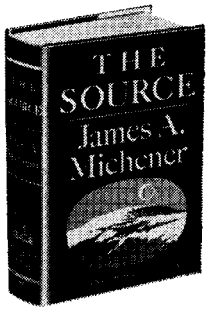

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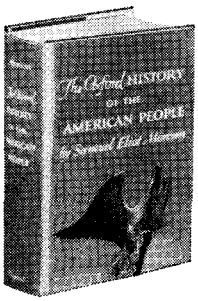

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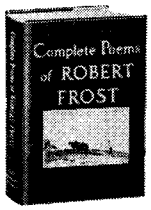

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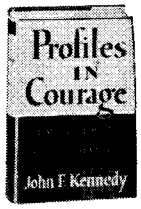

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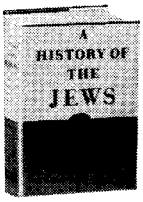

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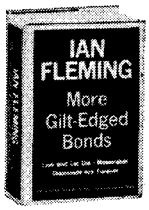

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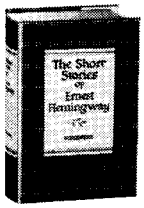

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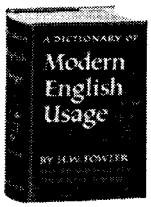

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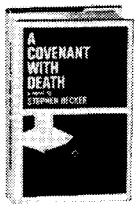

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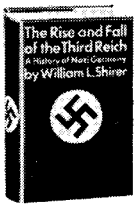

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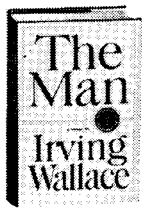

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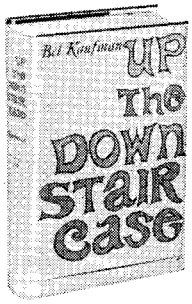

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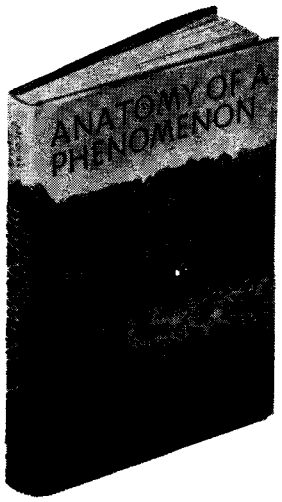
"Space travel is utter bilge!"

So proclaimed the Astronomer Royal of England in 1956. One year later, Sputnik was orbiting the Earth 15 times each day. Eight years later, Mariner IV raced at 25,000 miles per hour to intercept and photograph Mars. In June and July of 1965, as Mariner IV neared the mysterious planet, a rash of "flying saucer" sightings occurred, a number of them by scientists who stated that while strange objects hovered above their laboratories, certain scientific apparatus went haywire.

Are Flying Saucers Utter Bilge?

Quite possibly *not*, says Jacques Vallee, French astronomer and mathematician, and consultant to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's "Mars Map" project, in an intriguing and revealing study of Unidentified Flying Objects—their history, possible nature and significance.

Anatomy of a Phenomenon
Jacques Vallee



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Henry Regnery Company
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114 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois 60610

Saturday Review

October 2, 1965

Cover design by Pageant Studio

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Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Robert A. Burghardt; Manager of Advertising Sales, Harry T. Morris; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLVIII, No. 40, October 2, 1965. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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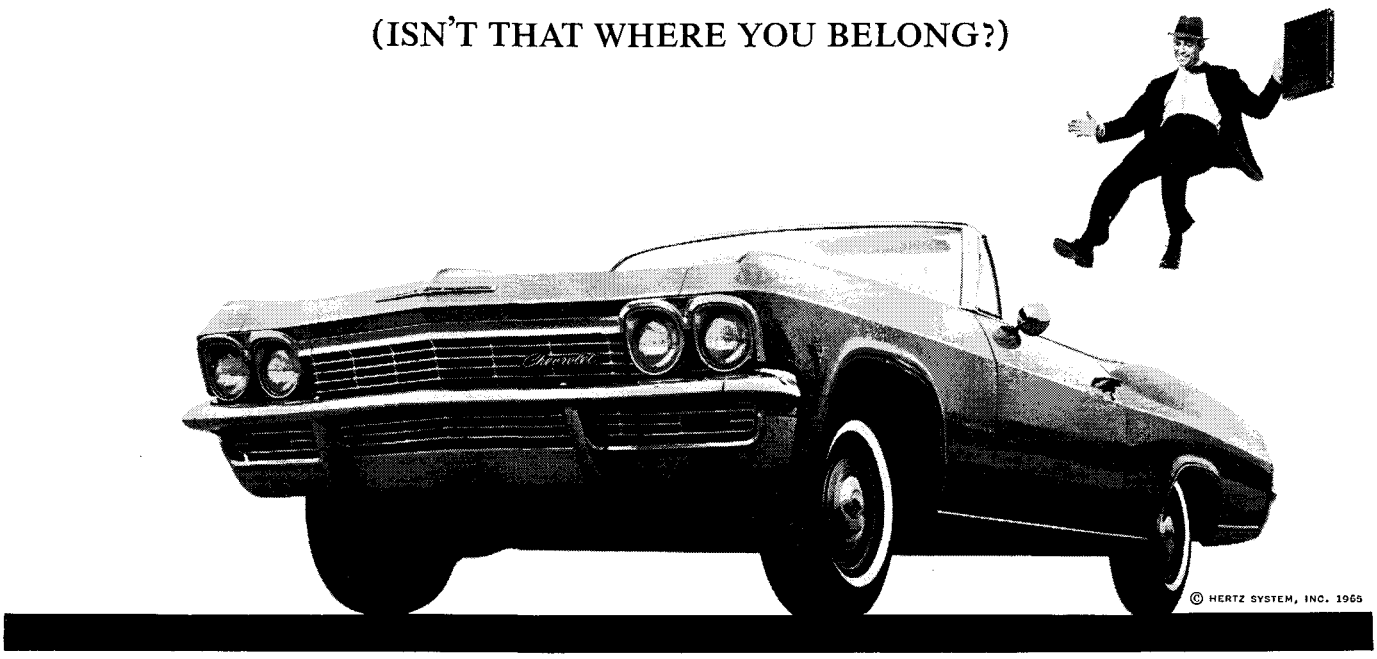

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First of the Month

By CLEVELAND AMORY

SEPTEMBER was the month of Kashmir and Miss Kansas, of Abe Beame and Hurricane Betsy, of Manuel Santana and the San Francisco Giants. It was also the month when the stock market took off as if there was no tomorrow—as well as the month when, according to *Insiders Newsletter*, a group of financial counselors fortunate enough to have several wealthy clients sought to encourage investment in municipal bonds. The title of their study: "Do Bonds Have More Fun?"

• • •

Elsewhere on the business front, the *Wall Street Journal* came up with a study of computer marriage. One computer marriage firm, they said, had, since 1958, arranged 100,000 marriages and had only ten divorces. Another was particularly proud of the fact that they had recently married a sixty-seven-year-old man who had been divorced for twenty years to a fifty-eight-year-old woman who had also been long divorced. The man proposed, the company stated proudly, within twenty-four hours—on their very second data.

• • •

As if this wasn't dangerous enough, it was also brought to our attention during the month that Mr. Charles Revson, of the Revlon Company, had told his company's last annual meeting that "great sales potential exists among men who could or should use cosmetics." "The day is not far off," Mr. Revson said, "when family bathrooms will have two mirrors—one for the lady of the house and a second for the man of the house."

Well, it's a thought anyway. And, if a man and a woman want separate mirrors, we think it's their decision—His and Hers, of course. But we're worried about the idea of men going all out on this cosmetics kick. We got to thinking, for example, about Salesman A, say, calling Buyer B, and Buyer B saying, "Sure, but let's make it a *late* lunch. I've simply got to put a new face on." And then, after that, we got to thinking about the young *man* who rolls up the car window on the way to the party. "I'm sorry, but my hair, you know. I've *just* had it done." Last but not least, we thought of the little woman waiting—for her man upstairs. "Honestly," we could hear her say, "come *on*. We're late now." "I'm coming, dear," we could hear the reply. "But you want me to look my best, don't you?"

• • •

During the month one of the country's most respected investment companies, the Arthur Wiesenberger people, came up with an investment report with the latest dope on how the market reflects, as they put it, "war considerations."

"Basically," their report stated firmly, "war is bearish, not bullish. However, a *limited* war—big enough to stimulate the economy but not large enough to bring controls—can provide a stimulus to the economy and to investor sentiment. To date the war in Vietnam has been in this category."

"But war," the report continued, "is unpredictable. Therefore it still behooves the investor to temper whatever encouragement he may derive from increased activity resulting from the stepped-up tempo of war with the consideration of the deflationary effects a real intensification of the conflict might have."

The way we read this is, grateful as we are, or should be, for the war in Vietnam so far, we can't be *so* grateful that we forget that if it gets *too* big, and India and Pakistan and *everybody* gets going on wars—well, it may be too *much* of a good thing. Remember General Sherman? War, as we recall he said, is full of deflationary effects.

And, farther back, remember the Hundred Years War? That's the trouble with these kids nowadays—they never had to go through anything like that.

But never mind, the report went on. "War-induced activity," it said, "is not, of course, a stable, sustaining influence on the economy. There is always the possibility of the 'threat of peace' that could remove the stimulant."

These, as we've always told you, are the worst kind—these peaces that "remove the stimulant." A couple of *these* and there won't be anyone left to pick up the pieces.

At the end, though, the Wiesenberger people left us, at least, with hope—no, sir, they can't take that away from us. "So long," they said, "as the war may be balanced between something not too slight and not too serious, it may afford

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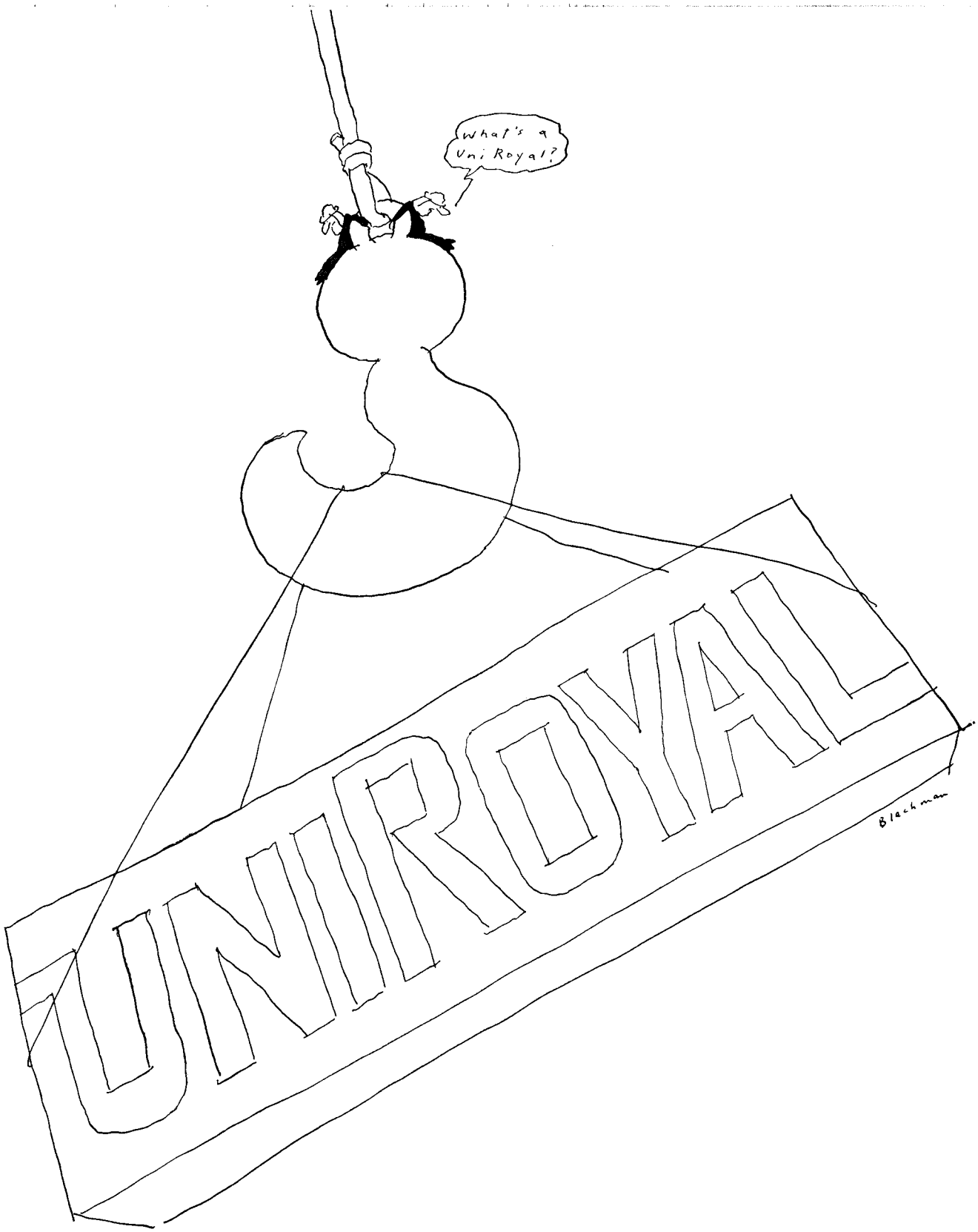

About 18 months ago, the U.S. Rubber Company took a good look at itself in the mirror, and said:

"You know what?

"I look like U.S. Rubber. They call me U.S. Rubber. But deep down, I've changed. I don't feel like U.S. Rubber any more."

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Even in tires, U.S. Rubber feels less and less like rubber. The most significant new tire material it is working with is a synthetic: Royalene,® "the crackless rubber."

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Now you know what a UniRoyal is. And why.

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a stimulating influence on the economy, on corporate earnings and on the stock market."

Not too slight, then, and not too serious. Got it? It's just a matter of balance, apparently—a balanced economy, and a balanced war.

• • •

September was also the month when Pope Paul posthumously pardoned Galileo—who now, evidently, is going to be permitted to keep his belief that the earth goes round the sun, and not vice versa. Elsewhere on the history rewrite front, there was a movement to have Jefferson Davis admitted to the Hall of Fame—among those urging his recognition being Generals Eisenhower, Bradley, and Wedemeyer, and Admiral Strauss. "By any measure of achievement," declared Raymond Moley, "if we limit consideration to the period before 1860, Davis deserves this recognition."

Well, again, it's a thought. And, if we limit consideration to the period before 1865, we suppose John Wilkes Booth might be elected. Even farther back, if we limit consideration to the period before 1778, what about Benedict Arnold? What we really need to do, we suppose, is to let bygones be bygones for good and liberate ourselves from the history books altogether. After all, as the old saying goes, those who ignore history are condemned to repeat it—at least until they get a passing grade.

• • •

Finally, on the gossip front, the No. 1 topic during the month was an article about James T. Aubrey Jr., the CBS television president who early this year lost his job. A feature of this article was Mr. Aubrey's advice on "how to get rid of a woman":

> Always do it in the daytime, because at night your heart takes over. Take her to lunch, to a very chic place like Le Pavillon or The Colony, where she will see famous people and where it is against all the rules to cry or scream or throw crockery. Buy her a big drink, and then tell her that the train has reached Chicago and you're getting off at Chicago. Tell her you're not the marrying kind, but she deserves a home and kids and candlelight. Tell her she's the most wonderful woman you've ever known. Then buy her a great lunch, and let her absorb the news as she eats. Afterward, you can walk out into the sunshine a free man. It never fails.

When it came CBS's turn to get rid of Mr. Aubrey, however, things took a rather different tack. But we couldn't help wondering what would have happened if Mr. William Paley, CBS chairman, had decided to do it Mr. Aubrey's way. We can see them now, in that posh restaurant, where it's against all the rules to have loud commercials or canned laughter, and Mr. Paley would say quietly, "The schedule's on its way to Chicago, Mr. Aubrey, but some of our people are getting off at Westport." Then he would go on, "Mr. Aubrey, you're not the spin-off type. You deserve another network, with a beautiful weather girl and the patter of little shows. Mr. Aubrey, you're the most wonderful network president I've ever known. I'm going to buy you a brand new set—with remote control and a commercial cut-off. And I'm also going to buy you a TV dinner."

And, after eating, CBS would fade out into the sunset—footage loose, of course, and prexy free.

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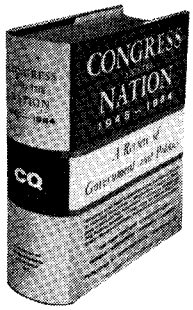

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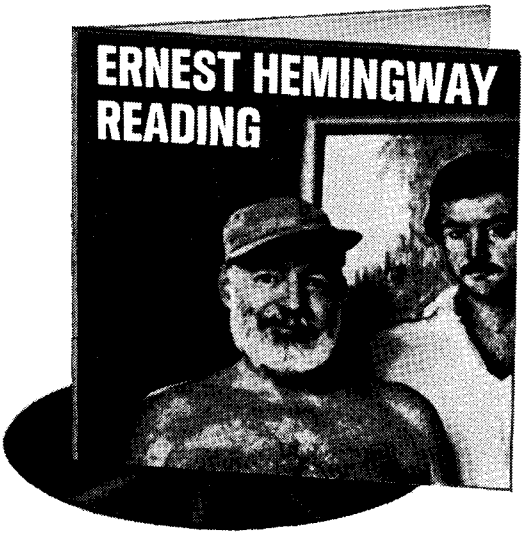

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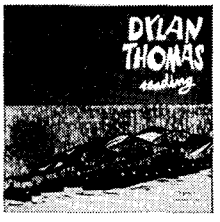
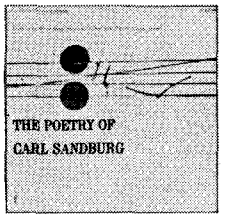
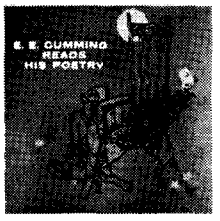


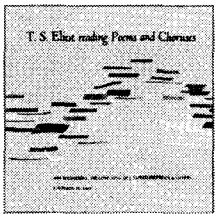
Dylan Thomas in a lyrical reading of *A Child's Christmas in Wales, In the White Giant's Thigh,* and other poems.



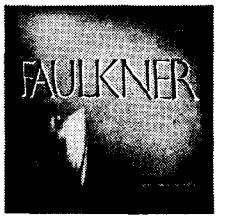
Carl Sandburg reads *Windy City, In Tall Grass, Four Preludes, Southern Pacific,* and other well-known poems.



E. E. Cummings in selections from his poetry, including *when god decided to invent, Santa claus, i say no world.*



T.S. Eliot interpreting a choice selection of his poetry, including *Prufrock, Portrait of a Lady, Ash Wednesday, Marina.*



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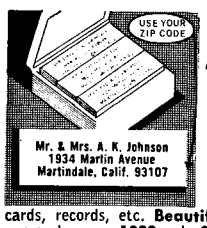

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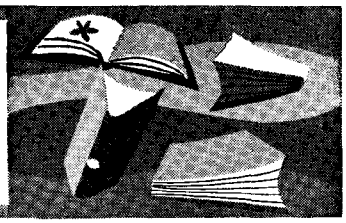
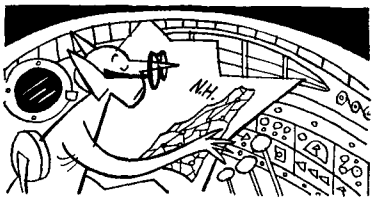


When the tidal wave of reports about Unidentified Flying Objects hit even the august pages of the *New York Times* last summer, we made a mental note to follow the story through to see just what conclusions might eventually be drawn. State police in Oklahoma, Texas, Kansas, and New Mexico had risked their jobs and reputations for sanity in reporting a wide number of observations, corroborated by radar trackings from the Tinker and Carswell Air Force Bases. Later, however, the Air Force made it a point to release a statement that the radar trackings did not correspond to the visual findings of the Oklahoma Department of Public Safety, and the story disappeared from the pages of the press.



Skepticism is a healthy thing, especially when you get involved with whirling saucers that defy the laws of aerodynamics. But curiousity is also a powerful force, and it was for this reason that we decided to track down at least one specific case of UFO-chasing.

A phone call to the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomenon in Washington, D.C., put us in touch with Richard H. Hall, its acting director. We learned from Mr. Hall that the Oklahoma State Police had released a nine-page report through its Department of Public Safety, contradicting the Air Force statement and indicating that without question the Carswell Air Force Base radar trackings and the State Police visual reports were identical. What's more, a steady stream of new findings had been received by NICAP. Most interesting was a report that the NICAP representative in New England, Mr. Raymond Fowler, was just completing a survey on an alleged landing of a UFO in Exeter, New Hampshire, witnessed by not just one but two police officers.

We talked successively and at length to Mr. Fowler; Lieutenant Cottrell of the Exeter police; the Hampton, New Hampshire, police desk; James R. Bucknam, managing editor of the Manchester (New Hampshire) *Union Leader*; Officer Bertrand, of the Exeter police force; and the Pease Air Force Base in nearby Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Understandably, the Air Force is extremely wary about the matter of UFOs, and the Pease base could only confirm that a large number of sightings had been reported locally.

Beyond that, however, we were able to piece together the following story:

Shortly after midnight, on September 3, Officer Eugene Bertrand of the Exeter police force was on routine duty cruising along an overpass on Route 101 near the town. He pulled up beside a parked car and found in it two women who were visibly disturbed. They reported to him that an airborne object, bright red and flashing, had been trailing them for nearly twelve miles, all the way from the town of Epping. Bertrand, an Air Force veteran of the Korean war, was skeptical, made a routine radio report, and went on with his cruising.

Within that same hour, Norman Muscarello, an eighteen-year-old resident of Exeter, was hitchhiking home

from Amesbury, Massachusetts, and had reached a point two miles out of town along Route 150, near Kensington. According to his statement to the police, he looked up into the sky and saw a similar object approaching him with a yawing, kitelike motion. He threw himself against a stone wall while the object hovered over a nearby farmhouse, lighting up the entire area. He finally made a run for the farmhouse as the object sailed out of sight. Unable to make sense of his hysterical story, the farmer took no further action and the boy hitchhiked into town. Here he reported the story to the police, even though he was in a state bordering on shock.

It was now about 2 A.M. Officer Bertrand was called on his car radio and instructed to take the boy back to the farm area to investigate.

"I was sure that these women and this kid had seen a helicopter, or something like that," Officer Bertrand told

(*Continued on page* 16)

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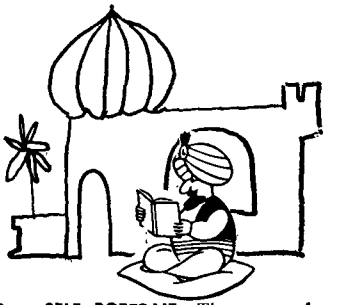

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(*Continued from page 10*)

us. "But we went out to the spot, and I parked the cruiser. It was a clear night. No wind. No fog. We walked about a hundred yards out on the field, near a barn where a lot of horses were kept. Then, the kid yelled, 'There it is!'

"He was right. It was coming up over a row of trees. There was no noise at all. It was about 100 feet in the air, and about 200 feet away from us. I could see five bright red lights in a straight row. They dimmed from right to left, and then from left to right—just like an advertising sign does. It lit up everything around us. But it was silent. The horses started kicking and making an awful fuss, and the dogs in the farm started barking. The kid froze in his tracks, and I grabbed him and pulled him toward the police car. I reached for my revolver and then thought better of it. Then Officer David Hunt arrived in another patrol car.

"We sat there and looked at it for at least ten minutes. My brain kept telling me that this doesn't happen—but it was, right in front of my eyes. There was no tail, no wings, and again no *sound*. It hovered there, still about 100 feet away, sort of floated and wobbled. I don't know what it was. All I can say is that it was there, and three of us saw it together."

Nobody else can tell you exactly what it was, either. Lieutenant Cottrell will tell you that the whole story is on the police blotter, and that you can't find two better officers than Hunt and Bertrand. "If I didn't believe these guys, I'd put 'em in a locked room and give 'em some blocks to play with," he says. The Hampton police will tell you that too many reliable people have reported these sightings to doubt them. The editors at the Manchester *Union Leader* and the Exeter *News-Letter* will tell you that the reports are from too many reliable sources to doubt.

Moreover, officials suspect other local UFO landings have gone unreported. As Lieutenant Cottrell said, "If I had seen that thing—and I was all *alone*, nobody else would have ever heard about it." —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S

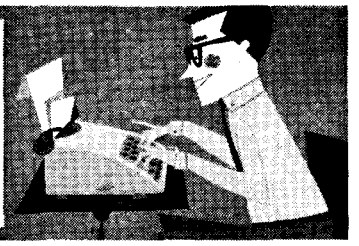
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1642)

F. KNEBEL:

NIGHT OF CAMP DAVID

The shock had passed now, and MacVeagh was following closely. You fox, he thought. If I fail in the primaries, it's my fault and I'm out. But if I win, it's with your power and help, and I'm under complete obligation to you for the duration. What a torturous trade, politics!

Top of My Head

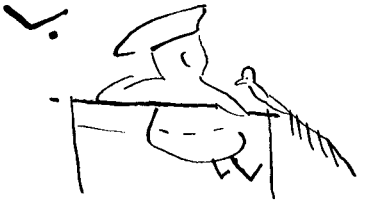


Oops!

IF YOU ever feel unloved, unwanted, uncouth, uninvited, unphoned, unwritten to, and forgettable, just write a piece for this magazine and make a mistake in grammar or arithmetic. My friends, you will be phoned and written to as if you were LBJ.

A few weeks ago there was a column here deploring the fact that there is too much love in the world and not enough like. It was a delicate little piece of writing, I thought, fancifully setting forth that people love crenshaw melon, a necktie, a sunset, a hamburger with onions, and in the same breath they say they love each other. *Like* has become the neglected verb. And unfortunately so, because people are constantly falling out of love. Seldom does anyone fall out of like. And so on.

In developing this sensitively romantic hyperbole I somehow got entangled



with the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle in which I wrote that at school I was taught the "square root of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the square roots of the other two sides." Well, what can I tell you! The minute the issue hit the stands I was hit with four telegrams. Bells rang, postmen rang, and what a wringing of hands at the desk of the editor at *SR*!

The editor reminded me that any twelve-year-old knew that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. And his only regret was that the magazine's policy did not permit the hiring of twelve-year-old writers. This is the same editor, Mr. Jim Fixx, who could have fixxed it—my friend, my counselor, my talking encyclopedia who phones me at two in the morning to announce he is deleting a superfluous comma after "Oh say," as in "can you see."

This geometric mistake was not easily made. As I tried to reconstruct the rule, I was torn between vaguely recalling two versions of this Pythagorean theorem. I could have chosen one or the other by cutting high card for it. But we don't operate in such a vacuum in this office. We have this computer machine into which I placed the written question: "Is it the square root of the hypotenuse equals the sum of the square roots of the other two sides, or is it the square of the hypotenuse equals the sum of the squares of the other two sides?"

The machine went to work, mulled it over, blinked a few lights, tilted, and coughed out an answer that read: "What was the question again, please?" So out came the deck of cards. And that's how it happened that I revised the theorem of Mr. Pythagoras (530 B.C. – before computers). In defense of my machine I must add that it is a product of the ABM people—Abacus Business Machines—who should have stayed with turning out abacuses—or abaci. I don't want any letters about that. They are both preferable. Or about that.

The letters received represent a cross-section of *SR* readers—a very cross section. They came from teachers, from lawyers, from housewives, from patients in hospitals who, having finished the Double-Crostic, drew diagrams for me proving the theorem. Coincidentally, they all used the figures 3 and 4 for the sides to prove that the hypotenuse was 5, with the figures enclosed in those little ice cream cones with the tails. And some of them asked irrelevant questions such as "and how would poor Mr. Euclid 'like' the adaptation of his theory of parallel lines in a plane put to elliptic or hyperbolic geometry?" I put that one into the machine and the card came out: "Please, not while I'm eating."

When it comes to digging out the fundamental verities, computers are not in the same league with *SR* readers, who now have sent me to the blackboard, where, before the entire class and the ectoplasmic Miss Gilliam, I pay the price of ignorance:

The square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. The square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. The square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. The square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. The square of the . . .

—GOODMAN ACE.

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1

Pretty neat, huh?

What on earth are you doing?

2

Practicing the Watusi.

The Watusi?

3

I already know the Cat and the Monkey.

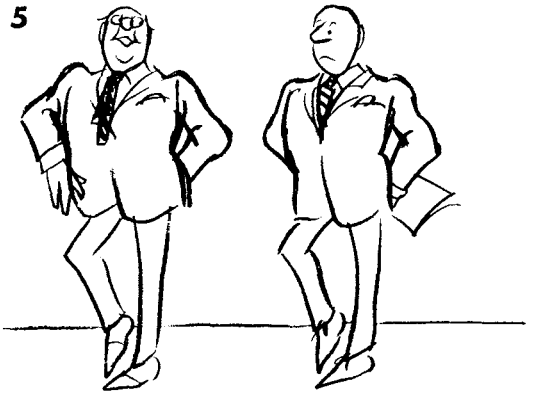
What's up with you?

4

Getting ready for retirement. You should see Emma do the Surf.

I thought you two were strictly two-steppers.

5



Not with the plans we've made. First thing we do is hit the discothèque circuit. Then there's the round-the-world cruise —and you know how they dance on those. And after that—

After that there's the slow waltz to the loan company.

6

Not a chance. Our money's never going to run out. Because we have Equitable's new Husband-Wife Retirement Annuity—which means that Em and I get a regular monthly income as long as either one of us lives.

I wonder if Pam knows about that annuity? She's been practicing La Bostella.

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OUT OF ORDER. By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. Norton. $3.95.

THE PALE BETRAYER. By Dorothy Salisbury Davis. Scribners. $3.95.

PLACE OF JUDGMENT. By Barbara Levy. Doubleday. $5.95.

THE SPY WITHOUT A COUNTRY. By H. K. Ronblom. Coward-McCann. $4.50.

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LOOK AWAY FROM DIXIE. By Frank E. Smith. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $3.25.

THE NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL: Jackson Subcommittee Papers on Policy-Making at the Presidential Level. Edited by Senator Henry M. Jackson. Praeger. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.50.

Education

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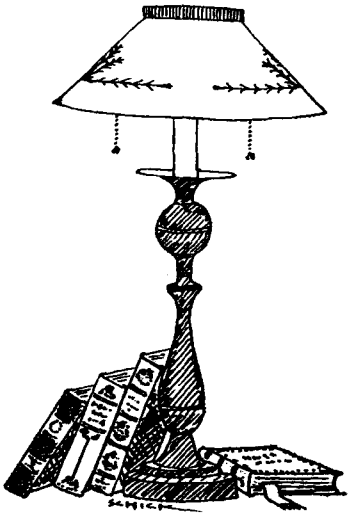

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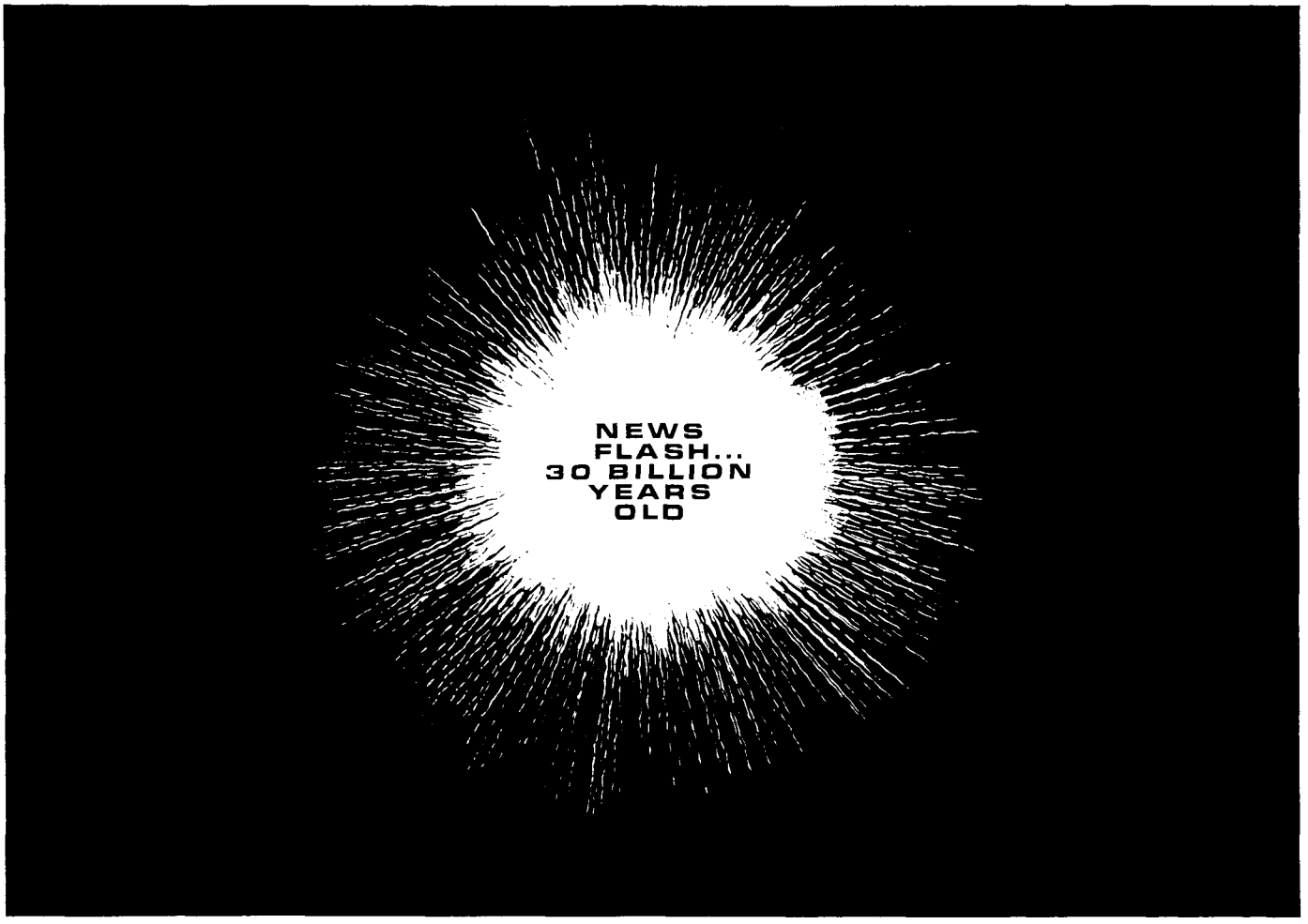
GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO



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Dr. Schmidt lost no time in sharing the news—news that had already traveled 30 billion light years – with Dr. Subrahmanyan Chandrasekhar, editor of *The Astrophysical Journal*, published by The University of Chicago Press. In another twinkling, Dr. Schmidt's findings were appended to the April issue of the *Journal*, already on the press.* So it was that this specialists' journal (a journal that each month this year has found itself handling late news from outer space), became the means by which the daily press and thus the entire world learned of the great discovery.

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Alexander Pope

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Saturday Review
October 2, 1965

A Four-Letter Word That Hurts

A Columbia University professor of anthropology makes a sober plea for the abandonment of the mischievous and meaningless term "race"

By MORTON H. FRIED

TAKING the great white race away from today's racists is like taking candy from a baby. There are sure to be shrieks and howls of outrage. But it will be very hard to take away this piece of candy, because, to drop the metaphor, nothing is harder to expunge than an idea. The white race is not a real, hard fact of nature; it is an idea.

In 1959 a young anthropologist named Philip Newman walked into the very remote village of Miruma in the upper Asaro Valley of New Guinea to make a field study of the Gururumba. It was late that first afternoon when it began to dawn upon his native hosts that he had made no move to leave. Finally a man of some rank plucked up his courage and said, "How long will you stay, red man?"

Most people are probably amused, but a few will be puzzled and chagrined to know that what passes in our own culture as a member of the great white race is considered red by some New Guineans. But when did anyone ever really see a *white* white man? Most so-called white men are turned by wind, rain, and certain kinds of lotion to various shades of brown, although they would probably prefer to be thought bronze. Even the stay-in who shuns the sun and despises cosmetics would rarely be able to be considered white in terms of the minimal standards set on television by our leading laundry detergents. His color would likely be a shade of the pink that is a basic tint for all Caucasoids. (That, like "Caucasian," is another foolish word in the service of this concept of race. The Caucasus region, as far as we know, played no significant role in human evolution and certainly was not the cradle of any significant human variety.)

Actually, even the generalization about pink as a basic skin tint has to be explained and qualified. In some people the tint of the skin is in substantial measure the result of chemical coloring matter in the epidermis; in others there is no such coloring matter, or very little, and tinting then depends on many factors, including the color of the blood in the tiny capillaries of the dermis. Statistically, there is a continuous grading of human skin color from light to dark. There are no sharp breaks, no breaks at all. Since nobody is really white and since color is a trait that varies without significant interruption, I think the most sensible statement that can be made on the subject is that there is no white race. To make this just as true and outrageous as I can, let me immediately add that there never *was* a white race.

WHILE at it, I might as well go on to deny the existence of a red race, although noting that if there was such a thing as the white race it would be at least esthetically more correct to call it the red race. Also, there is not now and never has been either a black race or a yellow race.

To deny that there are differences between individuals and between populations is ridiculous. The New Guineans spotted Dr. Newman as an off-beat intruder as soon as they clapped eyes on him. Of course, they were noticing other things as well and some of those other things certainly helped to make the distinctions sharper. After all, Newman was relatively clean, he had clothes on, and, furthermore, he didn't carry himself at all like a Gururumba—that is to say like a human being. I was spotted as an alien the first time I showed up in the small city of Ch'uhsien, in Anhwei province, China, back in 1947. Even after more than a year in that place, there was no question about my standing out as a strange physical type. During the hot summer, peasants who had never seen anything like me before were particularly fascinated by my arms protruding from my short-sleeved shirt, and I almost had to stop patronizing the local bath house. I am not a hirsute fellow for someone of my type, but in Ch'uhsien I looked like a shaggy dog, and farmers deftly plucked my hairs and escaped with souvenirs. Another time, a charming young lady of three scrambled into my lap when I offered to tell her a story; she looked into my eyes just as I began and leaped off with a scream. It was some time before I saw her again, and in the interval I learned that in this area the worst, bloodthirsty, child-eating demons can be identified by their blue eyes.

Individual differences are obvious, even to a child. Unfortunately, race is not to be confused with such differences, though almost everybody sees them and some people act toward others on the basis of them. I say "unfortunately," because the confusion seems so deeply embedded as to make anyone despair of rooting it out.

Most laymen of my acquaintance, whether tolerant or bigoted, are frankly puzzled when they are told that race is an idea. It seems to them that it is something very real that they experience every day; one might as well deny the existence of different makes and models of automobiles. The answer to that analogy is easy: cars don't breed. Apart from

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what the kids conjure up by raiding automobile graveyards, and putting the parts together to get a monster, there are no real intergrades in machinery of this kind. To get a car you manufacture parts and put them together. To get our kind of biological organism you start with two fully formed specimens, one of each sex, and if they are attracted to each other, they may replicate. Their replication can never be more than approximate as far as either of them, the parents, is concerned, because, as we so well know, each contributes only and exactly one-half of the genetic material to the offspring. We also know that some of the genetic material each transmits may not be apparent in his or her own makeup, so that it is fully possible for a child to be completely legitimate without resembling either side of the family, although he may remind a very old aunt of her grandfather.

The phenomenon of genetic inheritance is completely neutral with regard to race and racial formation. Given a high degree of isolation, different populations might develop to the point of being clearly distinguishable while they remained capable of producing fertile hybrids. There would, however, be few if any hybrids because of geographical isolation, and the result would be a neat and consistent system.

Much too neat and consistent for man. Never in the history of this globe has there been any species with so little *sitzfleisch*. Even during the middle of the Pleistocene, way down in the Lower Paleolithic, 300,000 or more years ago, our ancestors were continent-hoppers. That is the only reasonable interpretation of the fact that very similar remains of the middle Pleistocene fossil *Homo erectus* are found in Africa, Europe, and Asia. Since that time movement has accelerated and now there is no major region of this planet without its human population, even if it is a small, artificially maintained, nonreproductive population of scientists in Antarctica.

THE mobility so characteristic of our genus, Homo, has unavoidable implications, for where man moves, man mates. (Antarctica, devoid of indigenous population, is perhaps the only exception.) This is not a recent phenomenon, but has been going on for one or two million years, or longer than the period since man became recognizable. We know of this mobility not only from evidence of the spread of our genus and species throughout the world, but also because the fossils of man collected from one locality and representing a single relatively synchronic population sometimes show extraordinary variation among themselves. Some years ago a population was found in Tabun Cave, near Mt. Carmel, in Israel. The physical anthropologists Ashley Montagu and C. Loring Brace describe it as "showing every possible combination of the features of Neanderthal with those of modern man." At Chouk'outien, a limestone quarry not too far from Peking, in a cave that was naturally open toward the close of the Pleistocene geological period, about 20,000 years ago, there lived a population of diverse physical types. While some physical anthropologists minimize them, those who have actually pored over the remains describe differences as great as those separating modern Chinese from Eskimos on one hand and Melanesians on the other. All of this, of course, without any direct evidence of the skin color of the fossils concerned. We never have found fossilized human skin and therefore can speak of the skin colors of our ancestors of tens of thousands of years ago only through extrapolation, by assuming continuity, and by assuming the applicability of such zoological rules as Gloger's, which was developed to explain the distribution of differently pigmented birds and mammals.

The evidence that our Pleistocene ancestors got around goes beyond their own physical remains and includes exotic shells, stones, and other materials in strange places which these objects could have reached only by being passed from hand to hand or being carried great distances. If our ancestors moved about that much, they also spread their genes, to put it euphemistically. Incidentally, they could have accomplished this spreading of genes whether they reacted to alien populations peacefully or hostilely; wars, including those in our own time, have always been a major means of speeding up hybridization.

Even phrasing the matter this way, and allowing for a goodly amount of gene flow between existing racial populations through hundreds of thousands of years of evolution, the resulting image of race is incredibly wrong, a fantasy with hardly any connection to reality. What is wrong is our way of creating and relying upon archetypes. Just as we persist in thinking that there is a typical American town (rarely our own), a typical American middle-class housewife (never our wife), a typical American male ("not me!"), so we think of races in terms of typical, archetypical, individuals who probably do not exist. When it is pointed out that there are hundreds of thousands or millions of living people who fall between the classified races, the frequently heard rejoinder is that this is so now, but it is a sign of our decadent times. Those fond of arguing this way usually go on to assert that it was not so in the past, that the races were formerly discrete.

In a startlingly large number of views, including those shared by informed and tolerant people, there was a time when there was a pure white race, a pure black race, etc., etc., depending upon how many races they recognize. There is not a shred of scientifically respectable evidence to support such a view. Whatever evidence we have contradicts it. In addition to the evidence of Chouk'outien and Tabun mentioned above, there are many other fossils whose morphological characteristics, primitivity to one side, are not in keeping with those of the present inhabitants of the same region.

Part of the explanation of the layman's belief in pure ancestral races is to be found in the intellectually lazy trait of stereotyping which is applied not only to man's ancestry but to landscape and climate through time as well. Few parts of the world today look quite the way they did 15,000 years ago, much

"Now, how about my doing one of you smiling?"

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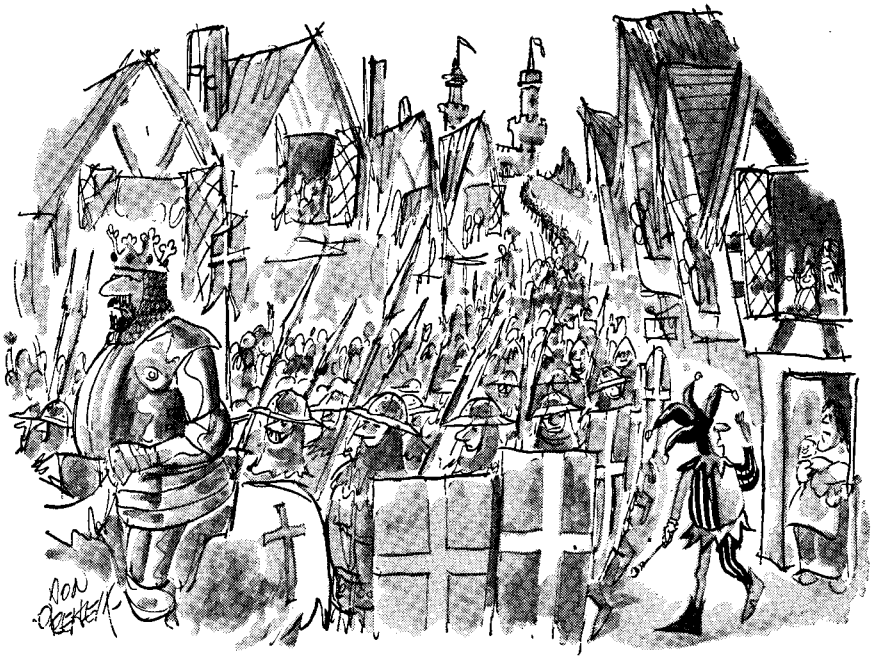
less 150,000 years ago. Yet I have found it a commonplace among students that they visualize the world of ages ago as it appears today. The Sahara is always a great desert, the Rockies a great mountain chain, and England separated from France by the Channel. Sometimes I ask a class, after we have talked about the famous Java fossil *Pithecanthropus erectus*, how the devil do they suppose he ever got there, Java being an island? Usually the students are dumbfounded by the question, until they are relieved to discover that Java wasn't always cut off from the Asian mainland. Given their initial attitudes and lack of information, it is not surprising that so many people imagine a beautiful Nordic Cro-Magnon, archetypical White, ranging a great Wagnerian forest looking for bestial Neanderthalers to exterminate.

Once again, there is no evidence whatsoever to support the lurid nightmare of genocide that early *Homo sapiens* is supposed to have wreaked upon the bumbling and grotesque Neanderthals. None either for William Golding's literary view of the extirpation of primitive innocence and goodness. The interpretation that in my view does least damage to the evidence is that which recognizes the differences between contemporary forms of so-called Neanderthals and other fossil *Homo sapiens* of 25,000 to 100,000 years ago to have been very little more or no greater than those between two variant populations of our own century. Furthermore, the same evidence indicates that the Neanderthals did not vanish suddenly but probably were slowly submerged in the populations that surrounded them, so that their genetic materials form part of our own inheritance today.

Then, it may be asked, where did the story come from that tells of the struggle of these populations and the extinction of one? It is a relatively fresh tale, actually invented in the nineteenth century, for before that time there was no suspicion of such creatures as Neanderthals. The nineteenth century, however, discovered the fossils of what has been called "Darwin's first witness." After some debate, the fossil remains were accepted as some primitive precursor of man and then chopped off the family tree. The model for this imaginary genealogical pruning was easily come by in a century that had witnessed the hunting and killing of native populations like game beasts, as in Tasmania, in the Malay peninsula, and elsewhere. Such episodes and continuation of slavery and the slave trade made genocide as real a phenomenon as the demand for laissez-faire and the Acts of Combination. It was precisely in this crucible that modern racism was born and to which most of our twentieth-century mythology about race can be traced.



"So long, dear, he's putting the show on the road!"

In the vocabulary of the layman the word "race" is a nonsense term, one without a fixed, reliable meaning, and, as Alice pointed out to Humpty Dumpty, the use of words with idiosyncratic meanings is not conducive to communication. Yet I am sure that many who read these words will think that it is the writer who is twisting meaning and destroying a useful, common-sense concept. Far from it. One of the most respected and highly regarded volumes to have yet been published in the field of physical anthropology is *Human Biology*, by four British scientists, Harrison, Weiner, Tanner, and Barnicot (Oxford University Press, 1964). These distinguished authors jointly eschewed the word "race" on the ground that it was poorly defined even in zoology, *i.e.*, when applied to animals other than man, and because of its history of misunderstanding, confusion, and worse, when applied to humans.

SIMILAR views have been held for some time and are familiar in the professional literature. Ashley Montagu, for example, has been in the vanguard of the movement to drop the concept of human race on scientific grounds for twenty-five years. His most recent work on the subject is a collation of critical essays from many specialists, *The Concept of Race* (Free Press, 1964). Frank B. Livingstone, a physical anthropologist at the University of Michigan, has spoken out "On the Non-existence of Human Races" (*Current Anthropology*, 3:3, 1962). In the subsequent debate, opinions divided rather along generational lines. The older scientists preferred to cling to the concept of race while freely complaining about its shortcomings. The younger scientists showed impatience with the concept and wished to drop it and get on with important work that the concept obstructed.

QUITE specifically, there are many things wrong with the concept of race. As generally employed, it is sometimes based on biological characteristics but sometimes on cultural features, and when it is based on biological traits the traits in question usually have the most obscure genetic backgrounds. The use of cultural criteria is best exemplified in such untenable racial constructs as the "Anglo-Saxon race," or the "German race" or the "Jewish race." Under no scientifically uttered definition known to me can these aggregates be called races. The first is a linguistic designation pertaining to the Germanic dialects or languages spoken by the people who about 1,500 years ago invaded the British Isles from what is now Schleswig-Holstein and the adjacent portion of Denmark. The invaders were in no significant way physically distinct from their neighbors who spoke other languages, and in any case they mated and blended with the indigenous population they encountered. Even their language was substantially altered by diffusion so that today a reference to English as an Anglo-Saxon language is quaint and less than correct. As for the hyperbolic extension of the designation to some of the people who live in England and the United States, it is meaningless in racial terms—just as meaningless as extending the term to cover a nation of heterogeneous origin and flexible boundaries, such as Germany or France or Italy or any other country. As for the moribund concept

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Poets Among the Demagogues

By LILLIAN SMITH

I WANT to discuss the poet in a world filled with demagogues, I want to stress the power of the poetic spirit in a time of clamor and hate and anarchic confusion. The demagogues are everywhere: not only in Selma, Alabama, and Neshoba County, Mississippi; not only on the streets of Birmingham and Harlem and in sheriffs' offices and governors' mansions, but in the United Nations, in new countries and old, new institutions and old. Of them all, perhaps the most dangerous demagogues are those that crouch in our own minds, whispering lies at a time when we so desperately need to hear the poet's deep truths. For we have desperate and difficult problems to deal with: problems that reach inside our homes and our hearts and pull us to the ends of the earth; problems that won't leave us alone; problems that shock us and frighten us.

Let me name only a few: police brutality, the Ku Klux Klan and its killers, capital punishment, drug addiction of the young, political tensions that grip Israel and Bonn and the Arab nations, that stir Indonesia, Vietnam, that tear at Cuba and China; there are our ghettos and our school dropouts and our babies so bereft of love that learning is impossible; there are counties in Alabama where not one Negro has ever voted; there is the violent death of the good and valiant, Negro and white, who are trying to win dignity and freedom for others; there are the starving children of Asia; there is quiet but terrible rural depravity; there is automation and massive conformity; and there is, always threatening us, nuclear warfare.

"What a terrible time we live in," the demagogue shouts. "Come with me and we'll go back to the old way, the good old times that never existed. Just follow me, we'll somehow get there."

But actually these horrendous, multiple, interlocking problems are only aspects of one big thing. This is the vast, urgent hunger of men everywhere to become more human. What could be more exalting than this amazing upsurge of the spirit, the push forward, the sudden longing? The details can scare us to death, of course. But the phenomenon as a whole can excite us, lift and fill us with enormous energy and determination.

Once we see it, once we begin to realize, by act of imagination and heart, the meaning of what is happening to us, once we feel the direction we are going, then things will fall in line, chaos will resolve into new forms. And it is the poet's job to show us. For only the poet can look beyond details at the total picture; only the poet can feel the courage beyond fear, only he can grasp the splinters and bend them into a new wholeness that does not yet exist. It is his job to think not in years but in spans of thousands of years; his job to measure the slow movement of the human spirit evolving; his to see that the moment is close for all mankind to make another big leap forward; it is his job to scoop up the debris of our times and show us the giant outlines of the human spirit becoming more able to relate to the unknown and the unseen.

Teilhard de Chardin was a great poet as well as a fine scientist, and, as poets do, he now and then spoke as simply as a child. He said, "It is because the earth is round that we have become human: you see, we could not get away, we could not help but rub against each other; and this rubbing polished our minds, sent the mental temperature up; in such heat minds became flexible, moved with speed; became involved and convoluted and related in ten billion ways. Now, suddenly today, we are only a few hours from every man on earth, and our minds are showing a startling leap forward toward complexity: men in small groups, collaborating, can solve problems in a few weeks or months or even days that one man, working alone and in isolation, could never have solved had he lived a thousand years." In the last fifty years, he often said, more scientific problems have been articulated, more new questions asked, more discoveries made than in the past ten thousand years.

But where will all this activity take us? It is the poets' job to tell us. Are they doing it? What are they saying? What are novelists and dramatists saying about this tremendous thing that is happening to us? I'm afraid they are saying almost nothing. Most are still talking the old nihilisms of the nineteenth century redressed in new clothes; most are still fixated on narcissistic problems that have sloshed over from Victorian days; most are still moaning about the human condition, the tragic absurdity of man's plight, the hideous lack of cosmic purpose; most mistake an earth-size movement for no motion at all. I cannot think of one who is creating characters who might have qualities needed for this adventurous age. What has Albee given us? Genet? Sartre? Mailer? Self-absorbed, most cannot tear their eyes from their own small depravities. So they are giving us fragmented sketches of sick people; they hold before us in play and story a never-ending bleak view of miserable, lost, lonely schizophrenics. Of course we should look with compassion at our sick and lost ones—young and old—but they should not be presented to us in drama and novel as though they are the whole of contemporary life, as though they are all we have to count on for the future.

TURNING big issues into small ones because, however talented, they are not poet enough to grasp the vastness of contemporary possibilities — what could be more dangerous today? Turning small issues into large. Here is where poets reduce themselves to demagogues. By using the big distortion they become guilty of arousing needless fear and despair; they force their listeners into dead ends that don't exist; sealing the present tight with their own anxieties they declare, "This age has no exit." They treat *hope* as the only four-letter word you must never be caught using.

I do not want to be misunderstood: it is not the presence of splintered, sick, empty people in books and on stage that is wrong; it is the acting as if there is nobody else in the world; it is the omission, the absence of context, that so dangerously distorts things.

We cannot act as if this is all, as if there is nothing more to count on; how do we dare when here we are in the midst of the greatest transformation the human race has ever experienced? How can it be carried through unless the young believe in it, unless they feel it in the big? Unless they sense an exalted purpose behind this amazing evolution of the spirit? We know man's evolution is now in his own hands; we know from here on out it is up to him; from here on out he makes the decisions; he has stepped out (or God has let him step out) of natural law—not into chaos but into a new creativity that must find its needed forms. But do the young know this? Have the poets offered them a new vision, a new faith, a courage that races through their blood?

It is so easy to panic, to give up in

(*Continued on page* 35)

Lillian Smith is a novelist who has long had a close interest in racial problems and other social issues. This article is adapted from a talk prepared for presentation earlier this year in Washington, D.C., at the National Women's Division of the American Jewish Congress.

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Machiavelli

By KENNETH REXROTH

TO RE-READ Machiavelli's *The Prince* in middle age in the afternoon of a century of political horror is to experience a wistful incongruity—exactly what were the 400 years of scandal all about? As objective analyst of successful despotism, Machiavelli seems today too confident of the good sense of those clever and forceful enough to rise to positions of tyranny. He assumes the fundamental good will of his prince toward his subjects, or at least his intelligent rapacity and his accessibility to advice. Our twentieth-century dictators all claim to have learned from Machiavelli. Since the fall of Bismarck, they have violated every item of his advice.

Machiavelli's defenders have said he studied politics with the value-neuter eye of a scientist. Yet in spite of his doubts of the natural goodness of man, he, like Socrates, hoped that rulers of the state, one or many, might be more open to reason than not, and if presented with a demonstrable good would probably choose it. We do not think of Machiavelli as tainted with the Socratic fallacy, but so it is. He is the most astute philosopher of history after Thucydides, but both believed history might be taught to behave itself, a belief for which their narratives give little warrant.

Most people read only *The Prince* and they read that as advocating, from general principles, a set of rules. *The Prince* and *The Discourses on the First Ten Books of Livy* should be read together. Machiavelli's realism brings to its end a long tradition of manuals of advice to princes and descriptions of ideal states. However much he tried for objectivity, Aristotle's *Politics* is half-prescriptive and its medieval successors are nothing else. Machiavelli realized that the student of politics must concern himself with what is, not with what should be, and that the greatest of fallacies is to start by seeking first principles, transcendental sanctions, and final causes. He knew that the hortatory philosophers of history and politics have only provided makers of history, finders, keepers, and losers of power with a rhetoric of noble fraud. He was the first to understand that history is not going anywhere, it is just what happens, and the only values operating in it are those of general welfare, the simple goods of actual men. Neither history nor politics is logical. They are the first empiricisms, and the only first principles of politics are the individuals who live it. *The Prince* studies a practicable despotism—Cesare Borgia's; *The Discourses* a successful republic—Rome, from the fall of the kings to the rise of the demagogues. Although the analysis is couched in imperative form, the source of this imperative is mundane and secular—the well-being of each citizen, not Freedom, or the Good, or Kingship, or Democracy.

If we think of Machiavelli as writing speculatively in leisured retirement, we miss his urgency. Venice, Milan, Florence, Naples, the Papacy, were being emasculated, reduced to pawns, and impoverished by the imperialism of France and Spain. In Dante's *De Monarchia* the union of Italy is an ideal. Machiavelli knew that it would have to be achieved within a generation or the Italian cities would never recover. Union or decay—this is the concern that motivates *The Discourses, The Prince, The Art of War, The History of Florence, The Life of Castruccio.* The plays, *Mandragola* and *Clezia,* satirize a sick, parasitic society.

Where even favorable critics have found Machiavelli's attitude toward human nature "crude, unsympathetic, and cynical," I see the exasperation of desperation. When he says that tempted, even enlightened politicians probably will behave like fools or rascals, he is hardly provided with contrary evidence by the words of Livy or the experience of a lifetime. So he assumes historical action will take place at the lowest moral level necessary to insure continuity. When the state or individual actor falls below that level, it goes out of existence. When it rises above it, history gains an unexpected bonus. With a minimal faith in human motives, a tough-minded optimist may shape a politics of possible goods. The alternative is withdrawal into a tightly organized subculture where men live not by accident but for values, a garrison of ideals—Plato's *Republic.*

He believed that although men do not infallibly choose a demonstrable good, society might be organized to insure that they do so more often than not and that where they do not, their choices of evil may cancel one another out. How? Machiavelli is seldom put forward as an advocate of freedom, least of all freedom of speech. Yet at the beginning of *The Discourses* he says, "Under the emperors from Nerva to Marcus Aurelius, everyone could hold and defend any opinion he pleased, and enjoyed the greatest freedom of action compatible with social order," and this resulted in maximum happiness and security and redounded to the glory of the rulers. The opening paragraphs of *The Discourses* reveal his difference from previous writers on politics. He is a dynamist. "To have removed the cause of social conflict from Rome would have been to deprive her of her power of growth." He stresses that the Roman constitution both generated tension and discharged it, and "no faction, no private citizen ever attempted to call in the aid of a foreign power. Having the remedy at home, there was no need to look abroad for it."

FOR Machiavelli the end of politics is man, not the State, nor did he believe that "war is the health of the State," although in Renaissance Italy that was its permanent condition. For him the end of war is peace, even behind the lines while war is going on. Nor did he believe that ends justify means. He considers in detail what means must be employed to create what ends, a quite different concept. He knows that social good is only the good of multitudes of individual men and flourishes in a dynamic, never a static, context. The ideal norm, the paradigm structured by logical law, has no relevance. Laws should be framed to enable the creative interaction of contradictories. Perhaps better than Marx he understood that the force behind contradictions of policy is class struggle, but he believed that the good constitution should use, not repress class conflict.

The virtues of Machiavelli's prose survive all but the worst translations. He was a man of affairs writing for nonliterary purposes and out of years of experience in using language in matters of life and death. Italian as he wrote it was a medium of direct communication, an instrument to achieve concrete ends—a practice in which he had few followers until recent years. As a diversion he wrote the best Italian comedy, as black humor quite the equal of Jonson's *Volpone.* It was *Mandragola,* a work of a most unliterary toughness and maturity.

There are many good, cheap editions of *The Prince,* that in the Modern Library includes *The Discourses. Mandragola* is in Eric Bentley's *The Classic Theater,* Volume I.

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Saturday Review

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Report on a Project

LAST SPRING an editorial in this space invited *SR* readers to participate in a project. Briefly, the proposal was that the magazine would act as a clearinghouse for employers interested in helping former prison inmates overcome one of the most stubbornly discouraging handicaps they face: their awesome difficulty in finding jobs (see "Must They Return?" *SR*, May 8). The editorial pointed out that no fewer than seven out of ten ex-convicts eventually return to prison and that this revolving-door phenomenon entails an enormous cost in taxpayers' money, in wasted productivity, and in social disorganization. As one modest step toward ending this deadly circular pattern, *SR* offered to put any interested employer in touch with a person or agency in his area who would arrange for interviews with job-seekers.

In the weeks since then, a number of readers have asked how the project is coming along. Most important, how many ex-convicts have found jobs as a result of it?

The answer to the first question is simple enough. The response, in sheer volume of letters and phone calls, has been enormous, and the files, five months later, bulge with correspondence. But it is the nature of the response, rather than its volume, that has seemed most significant.

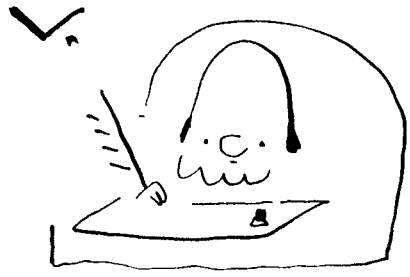
No sooner had the editorial appeared than a network television producer called to say he was interested in basing a half-hour program on it. The program is due to be broadcast soon.

The editorial was widely reprinted in magazines and newspapers published inside prisons, and before long prisoners themselves were writing to offer suggestions or to ask for the names of prospective employers.

Several readers offered to work on the project in their spare time as volunteers.

Clearly, there is more than an offhand interest in the idea. But what about the project's primary purpose, helping ex-convicts find jobs?

Here the results have been considerably less encouraging. It appears, in fact, that no more than half a dozen people have had bona fide job interviews as a result of the project. Many promising beginnings have failed to bear fruit, since for one reason or another prospective employers have found themselves unable to hire an ex-convict after all. One business executive telephoned immediately after the project was announced to say he would welcome any ex-convicts he might interview. But a few days later he called back in embarrassment to report that top management had, on second thought, vetoed the idea on grounds that it might be bad for business if customers found out. Another businessman, at first eager to participate in the project, had to bow out reluctantly after his partner turned thumbs down. Nor was the difficulty invariably with employers. In one case, a young man just out of prison was in the happy position of weighing three or four job offers when he found that the narcotics problem he thought he had finally licked was not under control after all.



WHAT, then, has come out of the project? Perhaps chief among the results have been three discoveries:

First, the discovery that there exists a sizable underground of people concerned with the problem. We have found ourselves in touch with social workers, church leaders, penologists, laymen, all of whom, in their various ways, are working toward a breakthrough. And the essential question they all ask is: If the purpose of prison is rehabilitation, shouldn't the rehabilitated prisoner have a full and fair chance to rejoin society when he is released?

Second, the discovery that most ex-convicts do not ask for coddling or special treatment, but only for an opportunity to prove themselves. Correspondence and conversations have provided persuasive evidence that they want nothing more than simply the first requisite to steering clear of further crime: a job.

Third, the discovery that the problem is vastly more complex than is generally realized. Prisoners themselves have long argued that this is true, and have in fact endlessly debated the wisdom of admitting their prison record to a prospective employer at the outset and being turned down cold, or concealing it and running the risk of being found out and fired later. But it appears that few laymen are aware of the impenetrable barriers that more often than not face the man who has in theory paid his debt.

In the end, the answer may lie in our understanding the cost to a society of supporting more than 200,000 men and women behind bars, many of whom follow the tragic circuit from prison to crimes on the outside and back again. Some of us flinch and blanch when it is suggested that we welcome those men and women back with no irrelevant reservations when they are finally freed. But the risks inherent in this approach are slight in comparison with the danger and desperation attendant on the present situation. Is the necessary change in attitude ever likely to occur? At least one hopeful sign came the other day from a Midwestern manufacturer who said he was prepared to pay $10,000 a year to any man who could do the job he needed done. "Hell, I don't care if a guy is an ex-convict," he said. "All I want to know is if he's a good salesman." —J.F.F.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Power and Responsibility

CARL MARCY'S article "The Burdens of Power" [*SR*, Sept. 4] is an excellent exposition of our dilemma as a world power. It also serves to reveal the folly and futility of the old game of power politics. Peace has never been long preserved by a precarious balance of power, but it seems that we have learned nothing from the lessons of history.

The American founding fathers very soon saw that union under the Articles of Confederation would not work. How long will it take the world's peoples to learn that there must be a rule of law, with each nation sacrificing its war-making potential and agreeing to armies just large enough to police its own territory, with an international court to settle disputes between nations, and an international army to enforce its rulings?

Mr. Marcy has pointed out that the Pax Americana is looked upon as the Pox Americana by friend and foe alike. Even if it were practical or desirable, there can be no retreat to isolationism. Let the United States use its unprecedented wealth and power toward the creation of a true federation of states for the sake of world peace, not forgetting that this will serve our best national interests.

JEROME WAXMAN.

Vineland, N.J.

THE DISTURBING PART of Carl Marcy's article is the fact that an official of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee had to spend a year abroad to discover what he did about the U.S.

His surprise, I am afraid, is all too typical of the lack of understanding of those at the policy-making level in the government today. What he discovered should be the most basic information with which our national leaders approach policy determination. They should not be left to realize belatedly and petulantly that we are not universally loved. . . .

EDWARD F. MCCARTAN.

Arlington, Va.

Occasion for Joy

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON'S column on the dilemma of an FM station, "The Value of Speaking Up" [*SR*, Sept. 11], is most encouraging to all who believe in frequency modulation and its bright future.

I have been told by many FM broadcasters that the good music, fine arts FM audience is the quietest in all radio. The listeners seldom write either pro or con. Yet there is a listenership for high-quality, thoughtful programing.

Far too many FM stations duplicate AM stations, causing one to ask, "Why buy an FM set?" More broadcasters, however, are separating their FM programing in order to present fine arts programs.

The people of Albuquerque have saved themselves from another "jukebox" outlet. This may serve as an example to others who have sat by as quality stations failed because of neglect from the audience and the clients.

W. BRUCE DEAN.

Seekonk, Mass.

THE NEWS about KHFM renews one's faith in the FM listening audience. Although our station is not in the same situation (it is noncommercial and educational), I can readily sympathize with owners of commercial FM stations who are desperately trying to present diversified and cultural programing on a shoestring budget.

This event is one of many encouraging signs regularly surveyed by *SR* that culture is making headway in this country. If, however, the public desires to see such programing continued, it must begin to show support *before* management cries for help.

DAVID W. BATTERSON,
Director of Public Relations,
KWGS-FM,
University of Tulsa.

Tulsa, Okla.

"Okay, Dr. Colgrass, I'll match you three UCLA grants and raise you one Guggenheim fellowship."

THE CAM NE FUND: As this issue went to press, $13,161.66 had been contributed by *SR* readers to the fund to help rebuild the village of Cam Ne in South Vietnam (see "An Invitation to Return to Cam Ne," *SR*, September 4). A preliminary list of contributors appeared in last week's issue; the names of additional contributors will be published next week. Meanwhile, other readers wishing to make donations may do so by writing to the Cam Ne Fund, Editor's Office, *Saturday Review*, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Man's Burden

I READ WITH INTEREST Richard L. Tobin's thoughtful editorial, "Man as a Beast of Burden" [*SR*, Aug. 28]. The editorial is particularly timely in view of the forthcoming preparatory technical conference on the maximum permissible weight to be carried by one worker, which may lead eventually to the adoption of an international labor standard on this subject.

GEORGE L-P WEAVER,
Assistant Secretary,
International Affairs,
Department of Labor.

Washington, D.C.

Feminine Ending

MAY I CORRECT your drama critic, Henry Hewes, who misquotes me in your issue of August 14? What I said about Mary McCarthy was: "I have often thought that her writing had every masculine virtue except femininity"—not "sensitivity" as in Mr. Hewes's version.

KENNETH TYNAN.

London, England

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Important musical events associated with each day of the year are listed on the reverse of each page: dates of composers, conductors, concert artists, educators and other musicians; first performances of various musical classics; founding dates of many leading schools and orchestras—interesting and valuable information in planning anniversary programs, and for many other purposes.

A special list of outstanding anniversaries occurring in 1966 is also included.

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The Possible Theater

WHEN *Danton's Death* opens there later in October, the newest addition to the Lincoln Center complex will be evaluated as a working theater designed to house a repertory company. Meanwhile, a press opening reveals some of the features of this new theater, named the Vivian Beaumont after its late benefactress who donated the initial gift of $3,000,000 toward its ultimate cost of $9,600,000.

The theater has been ingeniously co-designed by Jo Mielziner and the late Eero Saarinen, to be mechanically rearrangeable into either an open stage similar in principle to the one at Stratford, Ontario, or the more conventional proscenium stage. In the former arrangement (see below) panels will block off the backstage area and tunnels will permit actors to enter and exit from the front of the stage as well as from the back. To make possible the bringing on and taking off of furniture, Mr. Mielziner has devised a system consisting of two concentric revolving stages, each of which can move independently of the other. In the open-stage layout, the rearmost theatergoers in an audience of 1,083 persons will be no more than forty-one feet from the action. For proscenium stage productions, the panels will be lifted, seats will replace the platform, and the director will be able to vary the size of the proscenium opening to suit the play. Then the rearmost theatergoers in an audience of 1,140 will find themselves no more than fifty-six feet from the front of the stage.

Because it must house a number of productions at the same time, the designers have furnished the finest backstage facilities to be found in America. There are 10,000 square feet of stage space, more than three times the area of the largest Broadway stage. However, this vastness is neither a luxury nor an invitation to fill it with extravagant spectacle. Only a small portion of it, a pie-cut whose apex is forty-eight feet back from the front of the stage apron, will be visible from all seats. The rest is intended for the storage of motorized platforms on which settings for the other plays in the company's repertoire will be ready for use.

Similarly, the stage is equipped with 565 spotlights—more than double the number used to light a Broadway musical—so that there will not have to be a lot of re-angling and refocusing of lights between matinee and evening. And to facilitate control of these lights, the theater will use a remarkable new remote-control switchboard called PUNCH, which permits the operator an infinite number of preset light changes. Each of these changes in lighting will have been pre-recorded by the designer

(*Continued on page* 76)

—*Maris—Ezra Stoller Associates.*

Lincoln Center's Drama Repertory Theater—"America's finest."

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SR Recommends

BOOKS

Nonfiction

THE ACCIDENTAL CENTURY, Michael Harrington. Macmillan, $5.95 (*SR,* Sept. 11)—To counteract problems raised by cybernation and increasing corporate concentration and power the author suggests we pay people to become educated, to work in service professions, and to teach the arts of leisure. The style is brilliant and the argument lucid.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS: 1865-1866, John Richard Dennett, ed. by Henry M. Christman. Viking, $6.95 (*SR,* Sept. 11)—The postwar South is vividly presented by the man sent to report on it by the *Nation*. (He concluded that the golden opportunity to institute Negro suffrage was immediately after Appomattox—by military occupation.)

DEITIES AND DOLPHINS: THE STORY OF THE NABATAEANS, Nelson Glueck. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $15 (*SR,* Sept. 4)—Provides a definitive history of a gifted and nearly forgotten people who flourished from approximately 200 B.C. to 200 A.D., and whose kingdom at one time extended from Syria to Sinai.

LETTERS OF FORD MADOX FORD, ed. by Richard M. Ludwig. Princeton University Press, $8.50 (*SR,* Sept. 4)—Reveals an interesting and observing mind as well as a more sympathetic personality than is generally accorded the author of the Tietjens tetralogy.

THE WASHING OF THE SPEARS: A HISTORY OF THE RISE OF THE ZULU NATION UNDER SHAKA AND ITS FALL IN THE ZULU WAR OF 1879, Donald R. Morris. Simon & Schuster, $12 (*SR,* Sept. 4)—Relates with well-sustained drama the epic of the world's mightiest black African empire.

AFRICA: A POLITICAL TRAVELOGUE, Thomas Molnar. Fleet, $6.95 (*SR,* Sept. 4)—Rejects certain current attitudes concerning the Dark Continent, asserting that the greatest crime committed by imperialism was the "moral cowardice" of fleeing precipitously from Africa instead of gradually retreating as the new nations gained stability.

THE WORLDS OF ROBERT E. SHERWOOD: MIRROR TO HIS TIMES, 1896-1939, John Mason Brown. Harper & Row, $6.95 (*SR,* Sept. 18)—A character-packed, constantly readable, and somewhat puzzling biography of the man who grew from a playboy into an aide of FDR and four-times Pulitzer Prize-winner.

REGGIE: A PORTRAIT OF REGINALD TURNER, Stanley Weintraub. Braziller, $5. (*SR,* Sept. 18)—Throws light on the figures who flitted in and out of Reggie's life—Wilde, D. H. Lawrence, Max Beerbohm, and Norman Douglas.

STARTING OUT IN THE THIRTIES, Alfred Kazin. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.95 (*SR,* Sept. 18)—A good-humored, spirited, and sad memoir of a crucial era in our history.

LETTERS FROM JACK LONDON, ed. by King Hendricks and Irving Shepard. Odyssey, $10. (*SR,* Sept. 25)—Recreates the novelist's agonizing struggle for success and in so doing reveals the depth of his humanity.

ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE, Heinrich Böll, tr. from the German by Leila Vennewitz. McGraw-Hill, $3.95 (*SR,* Sept. 11)—Written without evasion or self-pity and with a richness of allusion that reminds one of Kafka and Samuel Beckett, this novella discloses much about the contemporary German conscience, consciousness, and literary sensibility.

THE EMPEROR OF ICE-CREAM, Brian Moore. Viking $4.95 (*SR,* Sept. 18)—The author of *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne* gives an almost certainly autobiographical account of the conflicts of an adolescent in Belfast during World War II.

THE SAILOR WHO FELL FROM GRACE WITH THE SEA, Yukio Mishima, tr. from the Japanese by John Nathan. Knopf, $3.95 (*SR,* Sept. 18)—A profoundly and beautifully macabre portrayal of adult love subsiding into domesticity.

COLLECTED STORIES, Katherine Anne Porter. Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95 (*SR,* Sept. 25)—Contains all the stories in previous collections plus four never before published in book form. It may be on these, rather than *Ship of Fools*, that the author's reputation will rest.

SQUARE'S PROGRESS, Wilfrid Sheed. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95 (*SR,* Sept. 4)—A high-spirited, continuously amusing comedy of manners in which a square becomes less so and his sharp-edged wife sustains some humane blunting.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Exhibitions

CHILDREN OF THE WORLD, Special Photographic Exhibits Gallery, Museum of History and Technology, Washington. The Smithsonian's new gallery premieres with Ken Heyman's one-man show documenting the one world of children.

JACQUES-HENRI LARTIGUE, UCLA Art Galleries, Los Angeles. Nostalgic vignettes from the camera of an early "advanced amateur" come to West Coast viewers courtesy of a Museum of Modern Art traveling exhibit. (Through October 24).

Publications

THE SENSE OF WONDER, by Rachel Carson, with photographs by Charles Pratt and others (Harper & Row, $4.95; after January 1, $5.95). Essentially a photo essay on the irregular verb "to feel," this slim, posthumous volume italicizes the role of sensory awareness in enriching everyday experience for both child and adult.

ART

Exhibitions

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY, National Gallery of Art, Washington. America's greatest early portrait painter is commemorated with a retrospective exhibition 150 years after his death. This, the first important survey of Copley's work since 1938, will be seen later in Boston and New York.

ART TREASURES FROM JAPAN, Los Angeles County Museum of Art. Over 100 prized art treasures chosen from Japan's temples, shrines, and museums and lent by the Japanese government. The exhibition will travel to Detroit, Philadelphia, and Toronto.

TREASURES FROM THE PIERPONT MORGAN LIBRARY COLLECTIONS, Pierpont Morgan Library, New York. An exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, autograph manuscripts, and drawings by Dutch and Flemish masters gives some idea of this library's incredible wealth. Drawings by Rembrandt, Bruegel, Rubens, and Van Dyck plus illuminations by Giulio Clovio and Jean Bourdichon are typical of the rare works on display.

EDVARD MUNCH, Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York. A major retrospective, including many works not previously shown in this country, traces the development of a modern Norwegian expressionist who influenced both European and American painting. Opens October 15.

MOVIES

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH (*SR,* Sept. 11)—Tells, by honest use of the camera and by not blinking an iota away from the realities, the bleak truth about bullfighting.

DARLING (*SR,* Aug. 21)—Noteworthy for its satire on the British communications establishment and for its nonconformist direction by John Schlesinger.

THE IPCRESS FILE (*SR,* Aug. 7)—The very model of suspense entertainment, stylishly directed, wittily written, and played with immaculate timing by a cast of British actors.

THE KNACK (*SR,* July 17)—Director Richard Lester lives up to the reputation he earned in *A Hard Day's Night*—this time with Rita Tushingham instead of the Beatles. Since the Broadway play of the same name is used only as a springboard no one should miss this version just because he has seen the original.

THEATER

THE TROJAN WOMEN, THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER REVISITED, THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES, HALF A SIXPENCE, THE KNACK, GOLDEN BOY, THE ODD COUPLE, FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, and **LUV.**

"May I have one to press in a volume of Robert Browning?"

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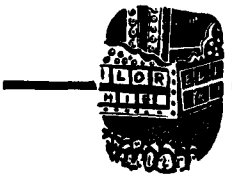

Military Injustice

AMONG THE less welcomed chores with which an army can burden its junior officers is assignment as defense counsel in a court-martial. Although completely without legal training, and with only the skimpiest smattering of information on court-martial procedure as laid down by the appropriate manuals, I had this unfortunate experience in the summer of 1943 with an infantry training unit in Mississippi. The prosecuting attorney had been a lawyer, the judges were all senior officers in my regiment, and every one of the men I went through the motions of defending ended up in the stockade. The court was a mere formality, an observance of the rituals of military justice. For all I contributed, I might just as well have been off on a twenty-five-mile march.

I cite all this because it gives me every reason and opportunity to feel more than than ordinarily sympathetic toward Joseph Losey's English-made *King and Country*, a harsh and utterly uncompromising movie built around this theme. The time is World War I, the army is British, and the trial takes place in the chill rains of France rather than under Mississippi's broiling sun. But the sense of ritual is still there—the sense that justice need not be served so long as the formalities of military justice are observed. Compassion is all but banished from the court, and it is military expediency, pure and simple, that ultimately consigns the hapless Private Hamp to the firing squad. The army is moving out on an attack, and the higher echelons feel it necessary to make an example of a deserter. The fact that Hamp deserted after three years of combat duty, and that he was on the verge of shell shock at the time are rejected as mitigating circumstances. "Don't put in anything about mental health," the captain in charge of the court instructs his junior officers as they draw up a plea for clemency. "They're not interested in that sort of thing at headquarters."

What gives the film its sting is the gradual realization by Captain Hargreaves, the defending officer, that Hamp had reacted in a perfectly normal, human way to an abnormal, inhuman condition. Cold and indifferent at first, resenting the assignment he had drawn, Hargreaves is genuinely touched by the simple-minded ex-cobbler who volunteered for active duty "because the wife and her mother dared me." His frustration grows as his fellow officers at the hearing stick to the book or protect their own careers at Hamp's expense, always with the "good of the service" as their excuse. The final irony comes when Hargreaves, sick with sympathy, is forced to give the *coup de grace* to the man he had defended after the firing squad bungles its grisly task.

Based (rather too closely) on a play by John Wilson, the film explores the subtleties of its key relationships with lines that are at once penetrating, pungent, and unlikely. Their dialogue is the revelatory speech of theater rather than the half-articulate speech of real life, in which words conceal almost as much as they tell. Actually, this contrast is further pointed up by the gruesomely realistic settings of the film—the mud, the rain, the trenches, and the shored-up, rat-infested dugouts—as well as by the highly stylized use made of a group of privates who, very much like a Greek chorus, comment on Hamp's plight. Rarely have two styles clashed with such obvious detriment to the total effect. On the other hand, the performances of Dirk Bogarde as Hargreaves, Leo McKern as a blustering and inept medical officer, and particularly Tom Courtenay as Hamp are in the finest tradition of British screen acting, providing reason enough to see this bold, challenging, but curiously flawed production.

No such reservations need surround Sidney Lumet's shattering film version of *The Hill*, which by coincidence is also based upon a play. But so thoroughly has Ray Rigby transformed the work, and so dynamically has Lumet directed it, that every last trace of theater has been removed. Once again the theme is military justice, the book, and the "good of the service" as an excuse for the inexcusable. The setting is a British military prison in North Africa during World War II, a stockade for Army deserters, thieves, black marketeers, and similar offenders. Discipline is what these men need, according to the army; and in this burning hell, discipline has come to mean "the hill," a man-made mound of sand and stone over which prisoners are marched in full pack to exhaustion or death at the discretion of an old-Army sergeant-major and his sadistic subordinates. The intent is to make men of riff-raff; its effect is to turn riffraff into beasts. Neither technically nor emotionally has Lumet worked so brilliantly before, and while performance has always been his strength, never before has he produced anything so searing or sustained as the characterizations in *The Hill* of Harry Andrews as the sergeant-major and Sean Connery as a noncom who once refused to lead his men into combat. Should the James Bond series ever peter out, actor Connery has no cause for alarm.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

ALMOST ALIKES

Louise Darcy of Biddeford, Maine, points out that if you change the first letter of each word defined in the left column, you get the name of the famous person described on the right. She proves it on page 76.

1. soldier's lodging	European rural painter
2. traditional knowledge	canonized English humanist
3. liquid measure	economist and philosopher
4. judicial instrument	French composer
5. tragedy; footpiece	Victorian art critic
6. verve	American versifier
7. hoister	Cavalier poet
8. river boat	dramatic actress
9. kiss	Bohemian reformer and martyr
10. stopper	Swiss psychiatrist

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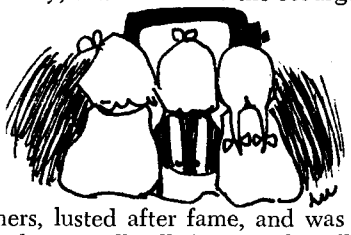
Trigger-Happy

EVERY YEAR around June, the three networks send out to television editors their press books for the coming television season, describing the themes of new and returning programs and giving biographical material about the talent. These advance promotional efforts grow more lavish each year. NBC, I would guess, spent the most money for the 1965-66 season, encasing its glorious promises in a royal-purple velvet box almost big enough to hold a TV set (my wife promptly made off with it for her household files). CBS was rich, too, and sent roughly the same size box of glowing descriptions. ABC was an economical third with an efficient pile of white folders bound in conservative blue leather.

All this came back to me during the season's opening week in mid-September. In particular, I recalled reading, under *The Legend of Jesse James*: "A half-hour adventure series about one of the most fascinating figures who lives in the minds of some people as a Robin Hood and of others, a 'robbin' hood.'" "The series," the description went on, "explores the enigma that was Jesse without condoning or condemning his deeds. While he is not portrayed as a sympathetic hero in the purest moral sense, he is viewed with an attitude of understanding."

Network press people have to begin preparing their press books in February. At the Hollywood television studios they interview producers who often have only vague ideas of what their shows will be, and consequently they talk up a lot of fancy persiflage which the hard-working scribes must try to translate into vital, vivid, and compelling messages. ABC's Jesse James malarkey was standard, and the phrase "without condoning or condemning his deeds" was a clear tip-off to the producer's problem. How can you make a regular Monday-night television hero out of this daring, cold-blooded American train and bank robber without tripping over the Code of the National Association of Broadcasters, which forbids the glorification of crime and criminals? The opening episode answered my question. Jesse wasn't shown committing a crime; the aroma of crime and criminals merely surrounded him. He was daring, though, and plenty cold-blooded, but he made a point of killing only worse guys than himself. This will probably be his role in the series; the killings will always be in a good cause.

"Jesse's antagonists," the ABC press book said, "are full-scale characters of substance, people with their own points of view, formidable men representing many things—progress, peace, greed, lust, charity, hope, disaster." Antagonist No. 1 was an outlaw colleague of Jesse called the Deacon. He read the Bible regularly, saw himself as the scourge of

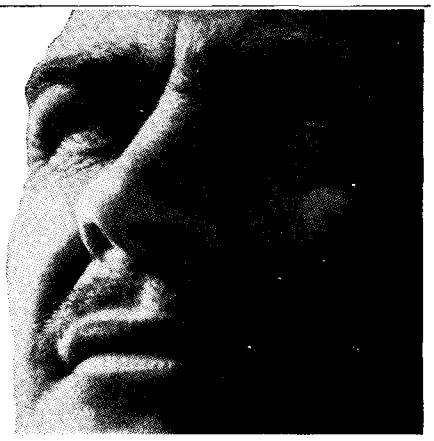


sinners, lusted after fame, and was obviously mentally ill (you could tell by the way he arched his eyebrows). Jesse had to kill him because he had robbed a bank and killed a sheriff in an exploit our legendary hero had warned him not to undertake. The Deacon held a Bible as he fell, and Jesse picked it up and read: "Vengeance is mine, say-eth the Lord." The mispronunciation could not have been an oversight on the part of the dialogue director; no doubt he reasoned that Jesse James had been a frontier dropout.

Targets like *The Legend of Jesse James* are sitting ducks for critics, but there is also a serious side to the sharpshooting. Nobody in his right mind, unless he's an impressionable kid, will watch this mangling of history and legend. Its only interest lies in the killings, and the whole affair is nothing more than an excuse for old-fashioned Western violence with a young hero who reminds you of Jimmy Dean. The producers are praying for an instant star in the person of Christopher Jones, who, like Dean, summons up the aura of a rebel without a cause. But today, with the world struggling desperately for a model of law, reason, and human dignity, who needs Jesse James? The National Association of Broadcasters recently appointed a committee to look into the possibility of a national conference "to halt the deterioration of American ethical and moral standards." I recommend to the committee that its first order of business be a suggestion to Leonard M. Goldenson, president of American Broadcasting Companies, that he shoot Jesse James—quick—and send him back to the oblivion he deserves.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Seven Arts Productions announce the American Premiere of Kenneth Hyman's internationally acclaimed motion picture



SEAN CONNERY

THE HILL

CO STARRING HARRY ANDREWS · IAN BANNEN · ALFRED LYNCH · OSSIE DAVIS · ROY KINNEAR · JACK WATSON AND IAN HENDRY AS SERGEANT WILLIAMS FEATURING SIR MICHAEL REDGRAVE AS THE MEDICAL OFFICER PRODUCED BY KENNETH HYMAN · DIRECTED BY SIDNEY LUMET · SCREENPLAY BY RAY RIGBY

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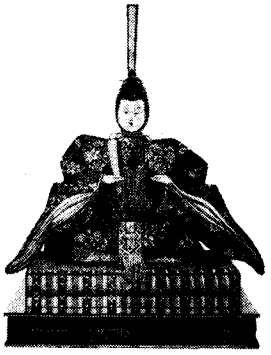

IMPERIAL HOTEL, TOKYO
T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

Getting There Is Half the Difficulty

I HAVE SPENT the last few weeks getting from here to there, racking up about 13,000 miles or so on airlines, in rented cars, and in private planes, and I have some observations which the airline people meeting in Bermuda along about now might like to mull over when not in heated conference joined. I have been to the edge of myopia and back watching movies across the Pacific and across America. I have been serenaded with tunes normally meant for teens, fed travel and shopping tips normally dispensed to ladies. I have been plied with liquor, dined with some airborne elegance, and hashed within an inch of dyspepsia. In the past fortnight I have flown with Pan American, United Airlines, American Airlines, TWA, Eastern Airlines, National, and Northwest. I am a man with some opinions.

En route to Miami the other day, in advance of the season and a hurricane, I was faced with a choice of airlines. Having been wooed by Eastern's handsome campaign and its promise of a new look, I booked a first-class seat, eager to see what new management and an alliance rung up with Voisin, a fancy restaurant on New York's East Side, had wrought in Rickenbacker's old squadron. The walk to the gate was interminable, but rewards lay at the end. An elaborate menu explained Eastern's new arrangements, made, it turned out, not merely with Voisin in New York, but also with the Pump Room in Chicago, Masson's in New Orleans, Jena in Mexico City, the Old Original Bookbinder's in Philadelphia, and the Swiss Chalet in San Juan. The idea, which began when Pan American started serving meals under the culinary flag of Maxim's of Paris, later gained a push when American was successful with its flights featuring dinners by New York's Twenty One. It may not be Cordon Bleu cooking, but El Al also has a tie-in with Grossinger's.

The prologue to Eastern's menu discourses on the "calm luxury" of Voisin's Wedgwood dining room and the "quiet dexterity of its waiters," its setting of "old-world elegance" that has "attracted presidents, kings, and gourmets of many lands since Voisin was established in 1912." It is, of course, almost impossible to create old-world elegance in an aluminum tube hurtling headlong for Miami at 600 miles an hour, but I thought Eastern did a pretty good job of it. The service was, to be sure, not by a quiet, dextrous waiter (color photo in the menu) but by a trim covey of hostesses. The old-world elegance lost a little bit in the translation, if only because sending a perky certified Grade A American girl out to serve *Caneton Rôti Bigarrade* and *Quenelles de Turbot* is somehow as discordant as a quiet, dextrous old-world waiter bearing an ice-cream cone. But all that, I am ready if pressed to admit, is carping. The selections were a delight-

—*Eastern Airlines.*

Feast in flight—"the 'calm luxury' of Voisin."

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ful departure from the rubberized steaks that many airlines, I have long suspected, buy in wholesale lots from the trick stores along New York's Sixth Avenue. And the china and crystal by Rosenthal was a great improvement over the plastic TV dinners that have warmed if not cheered me during many an airborne hour these past two decades.

Some days later I found myself at the border of the Everglades when Hurricane Betsy suddenly changed course and headed away from the Bahamas and across the Florida peninsula. It seemed a good idea to get somewhere and I rolled northward with the refugees from Homestead. Miami airport was a bedlam of shouting departees waving tickets. Now the gloves were off. Eastern agents behind the counters barked. National agents barked. There were no seats available to New York for at least ten hours and by that time, probably, no planes would be operating. I decided to seek sanctuary in Sarasota. "No flights," said National. "Ever?" I asked. "No flights until tomorrow, if they are running then." I sought solace in the seventh-floor restaurant of the airport's International Hotel. "Why don't you fly up to Tampa and come back to Sarasota?" asked that well of travel information, the waiter. He didn't bark. TWA had a Tampa flight at half past two. Since it was barely one, I booked a seat and promised to be back in time. "Oh, no," said the clerk, horrified, "we're going right now, otherwise the plane might never get away. Please proceed to the gate immediately." I turned in my rented car and proceeded the half-mile to the gate at a dog trot. And there I sat for forty minutes. And then another half-hour. And then they said please proceed to the TWA ticket counter in the main lobby. I went back to the lobby. "We have mechanical trouble," said the agent, "here is your ticket. We've booked you on Northwest." I proceeded to the Northwest counter, which was decorated with a fringe of wild people waving tickets. The Northwest agent barked. In a day full of barking clerks he barked best of all. "That's all," he said. "The flight's closed." I told him TWA had switched me over. They had told me there was space. "All right," he relented, "you're the last." Flocks of people turned away, disappointed. I made the long walk down the corridors again and boarded the plane. The whole flight took twenty minutes. There were forty empty seats.

Several nights later I was ready to head north, this time from Jacksonville. National had an afternoon flight and I applied for a seat. "Tourist class, yes; first class, no," said the clerk. When I got on board there were twelve empty seats in first class. Soon the girls were up the aisles with the plastic trays loaded with

This is where Puerto Rico becomes a charming little island again.

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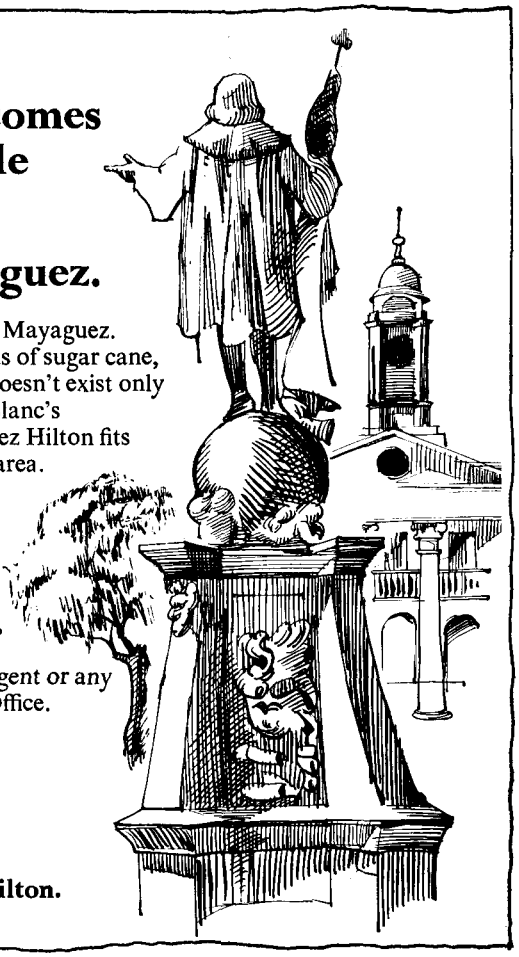

Puerto Rico has another side. Mayaguez. A place of sapphire bays, fields of sugar cane, and an old Spanish city that doesn't exist only for tourists. Manager Henri Blanc's delightfully informal Mayaguez Hilton fits right in with the mood of the area. And his rates are low. (Rates start at $7 a day, per person, double occupancy.) So if you're tired of San Juan, go out of your way to see what Puerto Rico can really be like, at the Mayaguez Hilton. For reservations call your travel agent or any Hilton hotel or Reservation Office.

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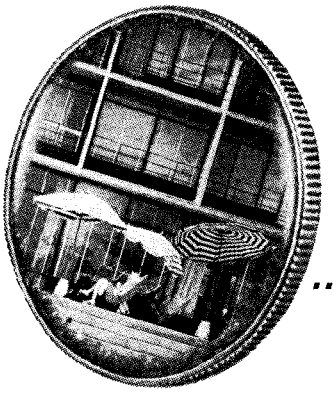
trick-store steaks. There was a flourishing finish: *crême de menthe*, cognac, Galliano, or B-and-B, but the culinary effort was the essence of run-of-the-mill airborne America.

Flying on across the country a few days later and beyond into the Pacific, I had a chance to sample in-flight entertainment and also came up against some of the new problems created by the new baggage weightlessness initiated on domestic routes. As we have often pointed out here, there was less equity than antiquity in the old domestic forty-pound weight limit. Quite obviously, as we have crowed so long, it made little sense to allow the man headed for a vacation on the opposite coast of the nation the same weight-free allowance as the businessman flying between New York and Boston. This summer, as every sometime air traveler must know by now, some dozen trunk lines and another dozen or so local carriers stopped weighing baggage. Some installed stipulations on size of bags. Pan American jumped its limit to sixty-six pounds in economy, seventy-seven pounds in first class, but only on its Hawaii flights. United kept a three-bag rule. Nobody made a move on overseas flights. There the limit remains at forty-four pounds in economy class and sixty-six in first. Boarding American Airlines for the journey across the country, I ran into a new snag. I had two bags weighing seventy pounds and one package weighing less than two pounds, which, since it was bulky, I wanted to check. Sorry, said the clerk. The two heavy bags would go free, but he would have to charge me for the lightweight package if I wanted it checked.

Of the entertainment, both piped and screened, the best marks, it seems to me, have to go to United and Pan American for their wide diversity of selections. United has seven audio channels including classical music, discothèque cacophony, jazz, a children's circus, and variety shows. It shows big-screen first-run movies. Pan American offers ten channels including a sound track on men doing business abroad, women shopping abroad, a children's hour, teen-age music —if that's what it is—classical music, mood music, show tunes, and films. The position of the sets is probably best in American's eye-level Astrovision, comfortable on the big screens, and less desirable on sets tucked in the overhead racks. Of the double feature I saw in one day while cruising from New York to Honolulu, one could have taken *Genghis Khan* or left it, but I have severe reservations on films like *Mirage*, which was shown to entertain the passengers across the Pacific. It was a tough, mean, brutal picture well decorated with horrible beatings and people falling out of twentieth-floor windows. What the airlines have perhaps overlooked is that the audience is captive whether they elect to plug in their earphones or not. If one wants to spare young children from such unnecessary scenes, how does one keep them from looking at the screen?

In refurbishing its kitchen, repainting its planes, and fashioning a new image through handsome advertisements, Eastern is following the lead of the foreign carriers. In the hot competition across the Atlantic, the airlines have long since followed the theory that the way to a passenger's heart is through his stomach. Probably they are not wrong. Relieving the pure tedium of flying by pleasurable divertissement is, it seems to me, in the public interest, too, and it was cheering to find the CAB vetoing the attempt to sandbag Inflight Motion Pictures, the scheme inaugurated by TWA. Yet there are more simple means of aiding the traveler. Remembering that the passenger is a customer is one principle, one that has apparently been forgotten at Miami Airport. A return to the penalty system for no-shows, which the airlines tried for a quivering period and then abandoned, might ensure more filled seats and fewer unnecessary disappointments. Northwest with its forty empty seats on the Tampa flight and National with its twelve on the New York flight were prime examples. More thought to the weary passenger slugging it down those never-ending corridors would win a lot of hearts. American and United with their moving sidewalks in California airports have done much to alleviate the problem. And there must be a renewed huzzah for the FAA, which put in the mobile lounge at Dulles Airport, not to mention the extremely workable Pan American terminal at Kennedy. The helpful supermarket pushcarts seem to have evaporated. So have the electric wagons that were early in use. Only the walk remains, and it's a long way to Tipperary, especially when you're carrying a typewriter. —HORACE SUTTON.

if this is the only face of SOUTH AMERICA you know



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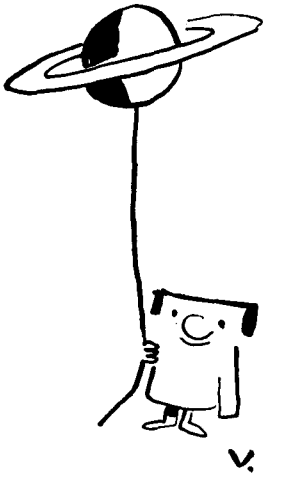

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Race

Continued from page 23

of a "Jewish race," this is simply funny, considering the extraordinary diversity of the physical types that have embraced this religion, and the large number that have relinquished it and entered other faiths.

The use of cultural criteria to identify individuals with racial categories does not stop with nationality, language, or religion. Such traits as posture, facial expression, musical tastes, and even modes of dress have been used to sort people into spurious racial groups. But even when biological criteria have been used, they have rarely been employed in a scientifically defensible way. One of the first questions to arise, for example, is what kind of criteria shall be used to sort people into racial categories. Following immediately upon this is another query: how many criteria should be used? With regard to the first, science is still in conflict. The new physical anthropologists whose overriding concern is to unravel the many remaining mysteries in human evolution and to understand the role that heredity will play in continuing and future evolution are impatient with any but strictly genetic characters, preferably those that can be linked to relatively few gene loci. They prefer the rapidly mounting blood factors, not only the ABO, Rh, MNS, and other well-known series, but such things as Duffy, Henshaw, Hunter, Kell, and Kidd (limited distribution blood groups named for the first person found to have carried them). Such work has one consistent by-product: the resultant classifications tend to cross-cut and obliterate conventional racial lines so that such constructs as the white race disappear as useful taxonomic units.

Some scientists argue that a classification based on only one criterion is not a very useful instrument. On the other hand, the more criteria that are added, the more abstract the racial construct becomes as fewer individuals can be discovered with all the necessary characteristics and more individuals are found to be in between. The end result is that the typical person is completely atypical; if race makes sense, so does this.

That racial classification is really nonsense can be demonstrated with ease merely by comparing some of the most usual conceptions of white and Negro. What degree of black African ancestry establishes a person as a Negro? Is 51 per cent or 50.1 per cent or some other slight statistical preponderance necessary? The question is ridiculous; we have no means of discriminating quantities of inherited materials in percentage terms. In that case can we turn to ancestry and legislate that anyone with a Negro parent is a Negro? Simple, but totally ineffective and inapplicable: how was the racial identity of each parent established? It is precisely at this point that anthropologists raise the question of assigning specific individuals to racial categories. At best, a racial category is a statistical abstraction based upon certain frequencies of genetic characters observed in small samples of much larger populations. A frequency of genetic characters is something that can be displayed by a population, but it cannot be displayed by an individual, any more than one voter can represent the proportion of votes cast by his party.

The great fallacy of racial classification is revealed by reflecting on popular applications in real situations. Some of our outstanding "Negro" citizens have almost no phenotypic resemblance to the stereotyped "Negro." It requires their acts of self-identification to place them. Simultaneously, tens of thousands of persons of slightly darker skin color, broader nasal wings, more everted lips, less straight hair, etc., are considered as "white" without question, in the South as well as the North, and in all socioeconomic strata. Conversely, some of our best known and noisiest Southern politicians undoubtedly have some "Negro" genes in their makeup.

Why is it so hard to give up this miserable little four-letter word that of all four-letter words has done the most damage? This is a good question for a scientific linguist or a semanticist. After all, the word refers to nothing more than a transitory statistical abstraction. But the question can also be put to an anthropologist. His answer might be, and mine is, that the word "race" expresses a certain kind of unresolved social conflict that thrives on divisions and invidious distinctions. It can thrive in the total absence of genetic differences in a single homogeneous population of common ancestry. That is the case, for example, with the relations between the Japanese and that portion of themselves they know as the Eta.

In a truly great society it may be that the kinds of fear and rivalry that generate racism will be overcome. This can be done without the kind of millenarian reform that would be necessary to banish all conflict, for only certain kinds of hostilities generate racism although any kind can be channeled into an already raging racial bigotry. Great areas of the earth's surface have been totally devoid of racism for long periods of time and such a situation may return again, although under altered circumstances. If and when it does, the word "race" may drop from our vocabulary and scholars will desperately scrutinize our remains and the remains of our civilization, trying to discover what we were so disturbed about.

Smith

Continued from page 24

despair; it is terribly hard for poet and artist, as well as for everyone else, to see around the unknown curve, to make of a handful of slivers something whole and alive, to guess by means of intuitive wisdom what the unborn thing we call our future will grow into.

But it is the great poet's job to do exactly this, and he turns into dangerous demagogue (as did Ezra Pound) when he fails his responsibilities, when he sees profound potentialities as small surface things, when he allows himself to equate fleeting problems with the "human condition."

BUT suppose the great poet does not show himself, suppose the great artist does not appear. Then it is up to every sensitive person on earth to bring the poet inside himself alive. We cannot live without the poetic vision—even if we must create it ourselves, even if this means transforming ordinary selves into creative beings. We must. For the big dangerous problems confronting the world today are not those the scientist can handle. They are not problems that reason alone can solve; they are not amenable to statistical methods and technological instruments. These dilemmas come from our deepest roots, from the shadowy, unconscious part of our nature. Here in these depths is the workshop of both poet and demagogue; here is where they both live and act; the poet making of amorphous uncreated material the new vision, the new excellence, the demagogue making of it the new demonology and the new perversion. And here at the heart of things you and I have our creative being, too. Your poet and demagogue—and mine—inhabit the same terrain, the poet transforming, bringing new form out of chaos; the demagogue destroying. Each day, one wins a small battle inside us.

Perhaps we should not leave it all to great poets and artists; perhaps this new age is challenging every one of us as persons to find poetic truth, to look into Orphic depths, to span with our own imagination great segments of time and space and people. Perhaps it is not only our moral natures but our creative imaginations that are being challenged today; perhaps it is the sum total of our own personal victories as creators that will determine what the future of mankind will be. This "perhaps" is exciting to me, for here is where we exist, here is a battle we may win. And if the poet in us wins, we shall see that the human condition is not a neolithic stone to which we are tied down but a condition of continuous change taking place inside and outside the human spirit.

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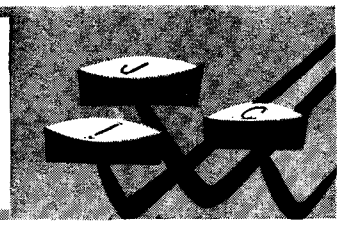
Manner of Speaking



The Marquis de Sade, II: Last week, as a necessary preliminary to a perhaps broader but in any case more immediate discussion, I offered an amateur sketch of the Marquis de Sade as a sick man and sick philosopher whose writings, though repetitious, tendentious, and all but styleless, have somehow refused to fade away despite all of "polite society's" efforts to ignore them. The occasion of the sketch, and of the present remarks on Sade, is the publication by Grove Press of the most substantial sampling of Sade's works ever to be openly published in America. *The Marquis de Sade* is compiled and translated by Richard Seaver and Austryn Wainhouse and presents, unexpurgated and in colloquial translation (which is to say with all four-letter words in place), all of *Dialogue Between a Priest and a Dying Man, Philosophy in the Bedroom, Eugénie de Franval,* and *Justine, or Good Conduct Well Chastised.*

These selections fill 558 of the book's 775 pages, the remaining 217 pages being devoted to a critical and bibliographical apparatus that includes a foreword by the editors, a publisher's preface, a critical treatise by Jean Paulhan and another by Maurice Blanchot, a detailed chronology of the life of Sade, seven of Sade's letters with annotations, a bibliography, and even Sade's last will and testament. The editors and the publisher have set out to make their offering as heavy as its price ($15), as if to make sure it comes into court wearing full academic regalia.

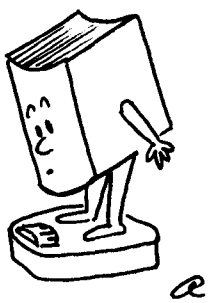
For make no mistake—it will come to court soon; and once there it promises to have a long career before the last appeal has been filed and the last ruling delivered. Sade, like it or not, is a perdurable figure of European literature. He will come to court because he was born to face the bench. And Grove has done well to see to it that it is no gaudy paperback but rather a scholar's tome that stands to judgment.

For *The Marquis de Sade* is, in one sense, the ultimate test case. If this book is not banned, then no book can be banned; if it is cleared all books are cleared.

When Judge Hudson, as I reported here a few weeks ago (*SR*, Aug. 28) ruled against William Burroughs's *Naked Lunch* he could only find it "obscene, indecent, and impure." In Sade's case one would have to add not only an endlessly detailed and sometimes fully four-lettered catalogue of sexual perversions and tortures, but a zealot's commitment to sacrilege, and an almost missionary desire to find ways of giving offense to every established principle of social respectability. Burroughs partakes of some desire to shock but he is, finally, absorbed in the needs of his addict's hallucination: he offends respectability simply by being himself, and within that nightmare of himself he is often too turgid to be decipherable. Unintelligibility, I am premising, is not the most effective means of communicating obscenity. Sade, on the other hand, works deliberately and ingeniously to stab at those points that will soonest revolt social respectability. And to compound his crime, his writing is never anything but clear in the fullest and sickest detail.

If the argument is entered on the grounds that Sade's writing is designed to generate lascivious desires in a man of average sensibility (I believe it was Justice Holmes who established *l'homme moyen sensuel* as the criterion), no reasonably able prosecutor should have trouble establishing that the writing is, in fact, so designed, though even the most atrocious of Sade's details become boring in their repetitiveness. There is significant literary import in Sade's work, but it is, I believe, only the man of fine, rather than average, literary sensitivity who will read him for that.

That man, however, should read him and must read him. Is it necessary to argue that there is a sick dislocation in our age and that our social platitudes and our committee-room reasons will not find it? Yet all good artists and all men of mind must seek it out, face it, scrutinize it, and learn its pose and nature. The man of insights must ponder the mark of the beast, and Sade's works are one of the documents he must ponder. Or shall we pretend that Buchenwald and Dachau did not happen, or that they were the hideous encampments of monsters who were not really human beings? Only man is un-man, and he must be known entire.



I am suggesting that the contest at law is, finally, a contest to determine who shall be served. Because another man may read this book leeringly, am I to be denied the legal right to read it toward some hopefully compassionate sense of what is sick in all of us? Yes, I am revolted by it at times, and, yes, I am bored by it more often than not—as I am, for example, when I read of the Nazis. Evil, like innocence, can be revolting and boring, but both evil and innocence must be accounted for in any man's psyche before he has faced himself fully. No man knows himself until he has been embarrassed by what he knows of himself. Sade is one of the documents of that embarrassing self-recognition. Face this sick man in your own nervous system and learn to account for him, and there may yet be a hope of mercy and self-mercy in you. Nor has the law any right to withhold such a test of himself from any man.

SADE is disturbing. Let me confess that he drives me from an earlier position I once defended too smugly in this column, arguing that my children were free to read any book with my blessing so long as they would discuss it with me. I am bound to say I am not willing to have them read Sade this side of their adulthood. The details of sodomy, incest, orgies, homosexuality, coprophagy, and the tortures invented in the hallucinations of a demented philosopher are no diet I can endorse for those too young and too formless to have developed their own principle of selection and their own dispassion. I shall keep the book away from my children in about the same way I should vote against including any substantial treatise on abnormal psychology in the public school curriculum—though I grant I am not quite sure I have identified the markings that distinguish normal from abnormal psychology. Whatever confusion that may be, though it is a necessary part of the college curriculum, is better avoided at lower levels.

But if a parent is appropriately the censor of his own young, the law is not appropriately the censor of man's ideas—not at least until those ideas threaten a clearly impending social violence. The law, as it has demonstrated in one censorship case after another, is incompetent to judge literature. A camel is better able to write a book about a man than a judge is to determine the social value of a book. The works of the Marquis de Sade, whether in the present Grove Press edition or in any subsequent selection, should be permitted full legal freedom to circulate for the simple reason that every book should have that freedom.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Faulkner and His Town

THERE have been too many books about William Faulkner, but the latest is one that I am glad to have read. Called *William Faulkner of Oxford,* edited by James W. Webb and A. Wigfall Green (Louisiana State University Press, $4.95), it is a collection of more than forty reminiscences and comments by persons who, at one time or another, knew the novelist in the town he made famous as "Jefferson." Housewives, college professors, newspapermen, a banker, a lawyer, a photographer, a doctor, the proprietor of a drugstore, a Negro blacksmith, and others have said their say. Three or four of the contributions have appeared elsewhere in print, but the majority were recorded on tape a year ago this fall.

About what other contemporary American writer could such a volume be compiled? Faulkner not only spent most of his life in Oxford—his family moved there from a nearby town when he was not quite five years old, and he left the town only for comparatively short intervals during his next fifty-nine years—Oxford was in almost everything he wrote. Scores of residents of Oxford knew him, and he knew them, and because he was identified with the town in an almost unique fashion, everything his neighbors had to say about him is interesting and some of it significant.

Part of the Faulkner legend, which goes back to his first success around 1930, is supported by the recollections of early acquaintances. As a young man he did occasionally behave in an eccentric fashion. Sometimes, for example, he went about the streets barefooted—sometimes but not habitually. In the town post office and later in the university post office the service he rendered was erratic. Because of certain affectations, he was known for a time as Count and even as Count No Count.

When asked about him in 1928, Judge John W.T. Faulkner said, "What, that nut? I'm sorry to say that he's my nephew."

Several contributors comment on Faulkner's difficult ways, about which much has been written by persons who knew him less intimately, and they all make allowances. An insurance man said, "On occasion he would enter easily into conversation with certain ones. Again you would see him with his mail stuck under his arm and reading something of interest – preoccupied. You might speak to him all day long and he wouldn't recognize the fact that you were around. Sometimes he didn't greet his best friends on the street. He didn't mean to be rude—just preoccupied. His friends understood him and knew that he was in no mood to talk. They accepted that fact. There was nothing highhat about William Faulkner—no pretense." The blacksmith said: "Mr. Faulkner was just as friendly as you want to see somebody—when he'd talk. He wasn't a talking man, you know, just to get out and enjoy himself with other boys or men, but if you called his attention he'd stop and spend a few minutes with you and then go on, with his head up, just like he wasn't studying nobody."

From the present point of view at any rate, several persons recalled him with affection. A woman who was part of his "bunch" calls him "a dear person." An Oxford newspaperman states: "Bill Faulkner was one of the kindest, most courteous men I ever met. His love for his mother, for his family, for Negroes, marked him as a great gentleman. He was one of the greatest friends of the Negro people because he wrote of them as people he not only loved but, more importantly, respected." It is possible that time, and Faulkner's fame and his death, may have softened many a memory, but most of these affectionate and complimentary statements, some of them made almost spontaneously, sound true.

One of Faulkner's virtues about which there is general agreement is his fondness for children. Both his own contemporaries and those of his daughter testify to that. He served as scoutmaster for a time and served well: "Bill Faulkner was tremendous as a scoutmaster—no question about it. He had a big heart, a kind heart. He loved young people and spent much time with them: building boats, repairing guns, shooting the bow and arrow. He had great patience in teaching them how to build a boat or sail. For about five years he spent a lot of time with Boy Scouts."

As might be expected, few of the contributors have much to say about Faulkner's books, though there are many allusions to his literary reputation. One of the editors does give a summary of a series of lectures Faulkner delivered at the University of Mississippi in 1947, which contains interesting material; but

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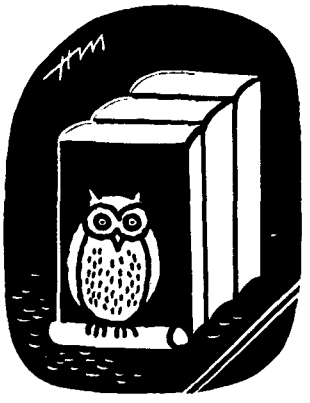
this is Faulkner the man of letters, not Faulkner of Oxford.

An example of a local reaction to one of his novels is instructive. A close friend of both Faulkner and his wife, Mary Betsy Waddle was secretary to a university official:

> The first [book] that I remember was called *Sanctuary*. Some people thought it was terrible. Chancellor Powers said I must read it. I didn't want to, because it dealt with lots of things that I didn't care so much about. He said, "Yes, you've got to read it because he wrote it and he expects you to read it." And so I read it. I read it with the help of Chancellor Powers's wife because it had so many things about life in it that I didn't know what the characters were talking about. Mrs. Powers would explain them to me. Some of it was pretty raw—at least, I thought it was. But I knew Bill Faulkner and I knew he was a fine man, just as fine as he could be, but very quiet. As I told somebody else, "He just did not know how to put his best foot forward."

It was a strange relationship that existed between Faulkner and his community. He loved it, and yet he could stand apart from it, as of course he had to do to be the writer he was. He wanted to be and he was accepted by his neighbors, but as a neighbor, not as a genius. He went hunting with his friends, swapped stories with them, discussed farm problems, but he did not talk with them, except for Phil Stone, about his writing.



They, for their part, took pleasure in his great fame, but they accepted him on their ground, as he chose.

When I reviewed John Faulkner's *My Brother Bill* (*SR*, Sept. 21, 1963), I said that, although it told us a lot about the man, and made us feel his attractiveness, it told us almost nothing about the writer. Much the same thing might be said about this book; and yet perhaps it does give us a clue. Faulkner's almost schizoid ability to be deeply involved in his community and yet to be immeasurably detached from it was not the least important element in his genius.

—Granville Hicks.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Sherlock Bell Holmes

In his letter (*SR*, Sept. 11) concerning the Soviet analysis of Sherlock Holmes stories, Mr. Clyde J. Peterman states, as though *ex cathedra*, that "Conan Doyle based Holmes and Watson directly on characters created by Edgar Allan Poe." While I will not deny that the creation of Holmes owed something to Dupin, all orthodox Sherlockians know that the direct inspiration for the great detective came from Dr. Joseph Bell, who had been Doyle's teacher, and that much of Holmes was Sir Arthur himself. As a matter of personal taste, I find the Russian study quite cogent.

Frederick Farley.

Prospect Park, Pa.

The Person Takes Precedence

One would hope, reading Nancy Larrick's article ("The All-White World of Children's Books," *SR*, Sept. 11) that the goal she envisions is the natural inclusion of the Negro in children's literature, just as the goal of most conscientious citizens is the natural inclusion of the Negro in American society. But artificially inserting Negroes into restaurants, we have seen, is not the most effective means toward the latter goal. And artificially inserting the word "Negro" can be ineffective at least, or actually detrimental.

Miss Larrick's criticism of books in which Negroes appear in the illustrations but the word is omitted from the text is striking evidence of a worthy cause obscuring a writer's perspective. No Negro, especially a child, has "being a Negro" on his mind at all times. Sometimes "being a person" takes precedence.

Ezra Jack Keats's book *The Snowy Day*, for example, presents the experiences of a human child responding to a natural phenomenon. Most children, Negro and white, have responded to snow and could relate personally to the story. Further, Negroes in the illustrations preclude the possibility of any false barrier between a young Negro reader and the experience. What more could be done? The word "Negro" in this text would be irrelevant and inappropriate.

The article refers to Dr. Catherine Juanita Starke of Teachers College, Columbia University, who traced the Negro's development in American fiction over the past hundred years from a "ridiculous stock character to the emerging individual who is first a human being and second a Negro." Perhaps Miss Larrick should have regarded more seriously the reference she herself used.

Charlene Slivnick.

Washington, D.C.

I was sickened by a reference to me in Nancy Larrick's article. She refers to an illustration of mine from *The Snowy Day* saying, "The Negro mother, however, is a huge figure in a gaudy yellow plaid dress, albeit without a red bandanna." The dress is gaily colored as is everything else in the book. What is wrong with a mother being "huge"? What if she were white?

I wish Miss Larrick would not project upon me the stereotypes in her own mind—or in others. If she sees a figure of a large Negro mother and associates it with a red bandanna, that is her problem, not mine.

The Caldecott Committee, which awarded the medal to *The Snowy Day*, had three Negro members whose total commitment, sensitivity, and understanding is well known; [they] did not have this reaction. For years now, I have been receiving letters from teachers, children, and parents, both Negro and white, in praise of the book.

I, too, wrote an article for the *Saturday Review* of November 9, 1963, which concluded with, "If any group of people is to be pictured as always fashionably thin, with children who never misbehave, and all of them improbably perfect, we are denying a people's right to deal with reality and assume the very responsibilities for which they struggle. All people want is the opportunity to *be people*.

"Let us open the book covers, these long-shut doors, to new and wonderful, true and inspiring books for all children about all children—the tall and short, fat and thin, dark and light, beautiful and homely. Welcome!"

Now, as for her other objection that Negroes are portrayed in picture books but are not mentioned as Negroes. In a book for children three to six years of age, where the color of one's skin makes it clear who is Negro and who is white, is it arbitrarily necessary to append racial tags? Might I suggest armbands?

I dread to think of what the children's book field would be like if we follow such a Savonarola-like way of thinking.

A final, more cheerful note—this morning I passed a neighbor who called, "I just saw a reproduction from *The Snowy Day* in the *Saturday Review*. It looked just beautiful!" (The picture of the mother, of course.)

Ezra Jack Keats.

New York, N.Y.

No Anathema

Dr. Ralph Banay's vitriol *re* psychoanalysis is no less apparent than that in the book he reviewed by Edward R. Pinckney [*SR*, Sept. 4]. He makes it sound as if "the crumbly tower that psychoanalysis came to after Freud's death" has since disintegrated. A glance at the membership rosters of the International Psychoanalytic Association, the profusion of psychoanalytic training programs for nonmedical professionals, and the pervasive influence of psychoanalytic theory in the various behavioral sciences would tend to call this implication into serious question.

Martin Reiser.

Sherman Oaks, Calif.

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A Hot Property

A hilarious insight into what happens to a novel kissed by Hollywood

By HERBERT MITGANG

A "PROPERTY" is a book that has made good in "the industry." To Hollywood, there is only one "industry"—itself. And the highest honor that the industry can confer is to consider a novel a "property." Reading such literary reporters as Hedda Hopper and Leonard Lyons, I gather that properties these days are going for—Fifty-thou? Half-a-mil? The impression is left that novelists are getting as rich as Midas or, better still, a suburban orthodontist.

Luckily, my novel, *The Return*, is still safe from corrupting ruin and loot. When it was published, Montgomery Clift could have played the romantic lead. If it's ever made, he can play the father of the romantic lead's girl friend. Sophia Loren (a natural for the girl six years ago, when the book came out) could play the older sister who's beginning to sag, or the toothless grandmother. I can be the posthumous novelist.

When my nonproperty appeared in print, the industry gave it strong notices. Long before the public reviews in the Sunday supplements there were private reviews or reports turned in by Hollywood studio readers. These were based on rumors and galleys. It's the readers who count at the beginning. Readers in Hollywood are considered brilliant slaves writing their own better novels at night. Actually, they're secretaries from the story departments who got married or pregnant and are staying at home, turning in reader reports at so much an hour or page to the biggies.

Somebody's girl friend at one of the majors wrote a rave on my novel. "Biggest thing since *Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*—but honest," was the way she phrased it. Since this was a private report for the benefit of the story department and selected producers only, everybody soon knew all about it, including people at other studios. I received calls from frantic story editors who wanted to make sure they were "covered" (that is, by their pregnant readers), which is not the same as reading the book.

On the strength of all this I headed for a literary agent's office in Beverly Hills. Said agency was a huge complex concealed behind wood paneling, and there was a reverential hush about the place, something like entering the portals of Forest Lawn, less 10 per cent. This tone was confirmed when I met one of the legendary vice presidents dressed in undertaker black. Now the tables were turned psychologically. It was up to me to work for the agent and to impress him that I was worthy of making his commission for him.

We talked for several minutes about things back in New York. He had been an early fiction editor of *Boys' Life*, or maybe it was *Captain Billy's Whiz-Bang*. The first thing he told me was the novel obviously was one for a star. Agreed. Peck? Grant? Clift?

"They're tied up with properties through 1972," he said.

"Who does that leave to play the hero?" I inquired.

"Joan Crawford," he said. "I was speaking to Joan the other day and she'd like to make a film in Sicily—she's never been there."

"But," I said naïvely, "the hero is a Montgomery Clift-type, and it's told through the eyes of a man."

"That's easily solved," he said. "You turn the novel around and make the hero into a woman. Joan Crawford becomes your ex-GI's Sicilian girl friend, and we tell the story through her eyes . . ."

"It's an interesting thought," I said.

No producers awoke to the possibilities of a Sicilian Joan, however. Now the word got out that the novel wasn't a Joan Crawford property. That killed that negotiation.

Next, I visited a would-be producer friend of mine. He said he wanted to make the film himself, and was in the process of getting a big studio to finance him. While he was negotiating, he did not want our property shown around. While with him at Chasen's I received a call from another would-be producer, and my friend said, "Don't take the call."

I asked, "Why not?"

"Because he's a rat—you can't trust him. Nobody out here likes him. He never goes back to New York, or anything." I avoided the rat like the plague for months after I got back to New York, refusing to be there when he made his L.A.-to-N.Y. calls. Meantime, I would call N.Y.-to-L.A. regularly, asking my old friend how he was doing in the sale of my novel, and swearing that I wasn't speaking to anyone else.

A year later, my loyalty to my friend was untarnished, he had stopped being a would-be producer and opened a restaurant, and I read that the would-be rat was in production with two other properties.

THE following year, my novel came out as a paperback, causing a new flurry. Another would-be producer showed up at my home. He had the answer: a Hollywood Ten writer. Everybody loved to employ blacklisted scenarists. As he walked in, he tracked the carpet with some dog deposit. He discussed the book intelligently (he had read it), then drank a lot of whiskey, and left ready to close the deal—if distribution could be arranged. Unfortunately, he was never able to find a distributor willing to put up the money for his independent production. And, as the cleaning woman commented the next day, "How can anyone who can't avoid dog do on the lawn make a movie?"

The next tiger was a television producer who read the book, called and immediately took me to lunch.

"I don't want to make this film in color," he announced, snapping his fingers. "It's got to retain the simple, black-and-white quality of the printed page."

That sounded good, and I asked, "How much are you willing to put up as option money?"

He said, "So little that I'm embar-

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rassed to mention the amount. I'm between wives, and things are tight at home."

I said that, nevertheless, *I* wouldn't be embarrassed, and to name a number.

"A thousand dollars," he replied. Then he quickly added, "As soon as I get front money you'll get more and then we'll both own a big piece of the action."

I said I'd check with the agent (the Joan Crawford fan) and let him know.

The agent, whose subagent I had now become, shouted cross-country, "Are you crazy? One thousand dollars to tie up the property for six months? And to a TV producer, yet?"

I thereupon called the TV-type and conveyed my vicarious indignation at the pittance he offered, adding that I wasn't a chicken-feed dealer, I was a novelist.

A year later the TV producer turned into a hot property himself with an alternative novel to mine, and went on to become a quarter-mil-a-year movie director.

IN the last year or so other agents and directors and dreamers have discovered or rediscovered the novel's potentialities as a film. A lady in the Bronx who enjoyed the book calls every few months to cast it: "It's perfect for Burt Lancaster." An American producer is assembling an Italian-French package based on the novel. Every few weeks I hear from him, all enthusiasm.

"I won't give the package to Rossellini," he wrote. "He's over the hill." Next: "I've turned down Antonioni," he said. "Too internal." He has also refused to have anything to do with Germi—"Too Sicilian"—or Fellini—"Too interested in Fellini and not our property."

The latest producing tiger passed through New York on the way to Spain recently and dropped by to see me. He wants my novel to be the first major Western made in Europe.

"Do you know what the biggest shortage of product around the world now is?" he asked. "Good old-style Westerns. Everybody in Hollywood is making neurotic Westerns. Cowboys don't hate Indians any more; they hate their mothers. Europe is crying for regular Westerns again, and the first producer who comes along with the right property will make a bundle for the author. The Spanish army's extras are dirt cheap. Southern Spain is more like real Indian country than Northern California. If you're willing to put your faith in me and go along on spec—"

I said, sure, but only if he mulled over the idea of casting a Joan Crawford-type to play the ex-GI hero. "I'll do you one better," he said. "I'll get Joanie herself!" And, with that, he disappeared into the sunset of the Spanish West, my hot little property in his hand.

THE PUBLISHING SCENE

The Candy Covered Copyright

ALL THROUGH the nineteenth century literary piracy was a fairly common practice in the United States, and this is one reason why Charles Dickens was so publicly domained. While readers wept, publishers laughed all the way to the counting house; British authors gnashed their teeth; Dickens lectured us on international copyright and slavery, and wrote *American Notes*, pirating some of our worst characteristics in symbolic revenge.

Supposedly, all this is in the past. The International Copyright Convention, which we signed in 1955, covers publications from most foreign countries. Yet, for technical reasons inherent in our copyright law, a fair number of books published abroad still lack protection over here. Their authors comprise a rather strange group: Henry Miller, Evgeni Evtushenko, J. R. R. Tolkien, Jean Genet, Saki, Terry Southern and his collaborator Mason Hoffenberg; and a number of British mystery story writers who became popular in America late in life. You will note that three of the above are American citizens. No matter; their literary wares—those that were first brought out in France—have been denied American copyright.

The most recent victim of circumstance is Professor Tolkien, whose trilogy *The Fellowship of the Ring*, first published in the U.S. in 1937, has gradually supplanted William Golding's *Lord of the Flies* as the "in" book on campus. Tolkien's fantasy was preceded by an overture called *The Hobbit*, and both works were imported by Houghton Mifflin in what is known as "sheets"; and here is where H-M ran afoul of the copyright law.

Under a section known as the "manufacturing clause" an American publisher had six months in which to register a foreign book written in English, and five years in which to print his own edition. This gave him an ad interim copyright. However, if he imported more than 1,500 copies, or failed to publish an American edition within the five-year period, the copyright was surrendered. This has always been regarded as a "printers' lobby" piece of legislation, and is roundly denounced at every congress of the International Publishers Association.

In the case of *The Hobbit* and its three-volume sequel Houghton Mifflin relinquished the copyright when it imported more than its quota of 1,500 books. This did not worry the firm too much at the time because the works were highly special. Who else would want to risk publishing them? Then, a few years ago, Tolkien's stories began to surface. In 1964 *The Hobbit* sold 3,500 copies—excellent for a backlist item. Ballantine Books contracted to bring out a paperback edition, nervously wondering whether any other reprint house might get the same idea. The apprehension was justified: Ace Books played hobbit with the copyright—or lack of it—and announced its own edition. Tolkien promptly declared Ballantine's the "authorized" version; and well he might, since this publisher was treating the book as though it were still in copyright, and paying the author a royalty.

Tolkien has written: "*Fellowship of the Ring* was the product of long labor, and like a simple-minded hobbit I feel that it is,while I am alive, my property in justice unaffected by copyright laws. It seems to me a grave discourtesy, to say no more, to issue my book without even a polite note informing me of the project." He points out, too, that considerable drudgery went into it, quite apart from the writing. "It had to be typed, and retyped, by me; the cost of professional typing by the ten-fingered was beyond my means." (Ace states that it has since sent the polite note, via an intermediary, offering to make an arrangement; but to date nothing has come of it.)

The case is interesting because it shows that the law, like Tolkien's books, has its moments of high fantasy. And if the situation is bad for a foreign author, it is even worse for Americans whose works are first published abroad. The fifty-six-year copyright term normally accorded their fellow countrymen is re-

(*Continued on page* 45)

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1966 Thunderbird: America's Personal Luxury Car

Among the world's great luxury cars, only Thunderbird is so fully dedicated to the idea of personal luxury.

For example, among many innovations for 1966, there is a new, more formal Town series with its own distinctive roofline. The classic Thunderbird look, in convertible and hardtop models, is still available.

This year, too, Thunderbird leads the way with unique features like Safety Convenience Panel mount overhead in the new Town mode This panel warns the driver if a do is ajar or fuel is low, and reminds hi to fasten his seatbelt. A similar unit dash-mounted, on other models.

A new, more powerful Thunde bird V-8 engine is now standard. C if you wish, a remarkable new 428-c

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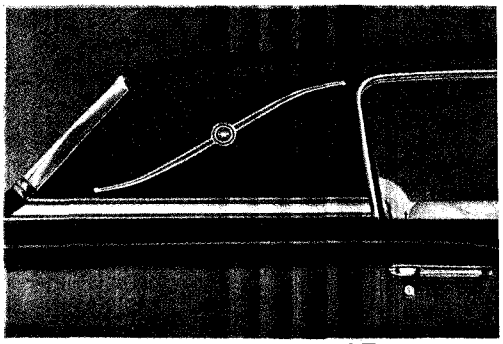
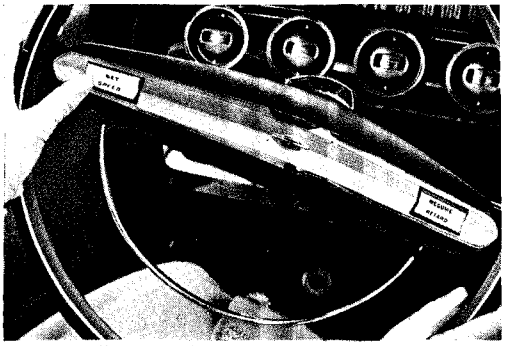
1966 Thunderbird Town Hardtop

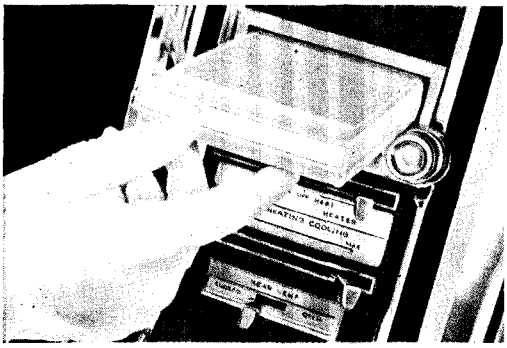
This panel in Town models tells when doors are ajar, seatbelts unfastened, fuel low, emergency flasher is operating.



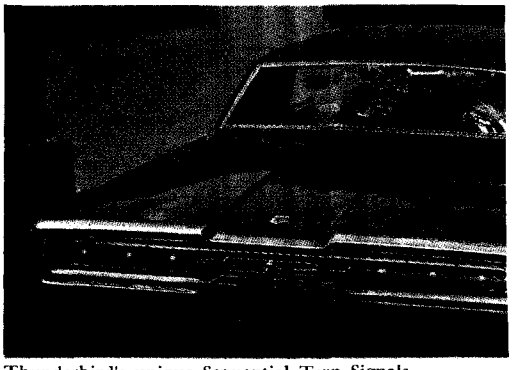
Smart new roofline for Town Landau and Town Hardtop is the newest of Thunderbird's 1966 styling innovations.



Highway Pilot Control switches are on the steering wheel to set, maintain and resume highway speed automatically.



Integrated AM Radio/Stereo-sonic Tape System is cartridge-loaded, snaps in, snaps out, needs no threading.



Thunderbird's unique Sequential Turn Signals in full-width taillights signal each turn with a ripple of light.

bic-inch V-8 is offered as optional equipment. Another distinctive Thunderbird option this year is an AM Radio/Stereo Tape system. You can enjoy over 70 minutes of music with easy-to-load tape cartridges.

Discover the smooth, silent world of Thunderbird. Let your Ford Dealer show you why Thunderbird continues to be America's *Personal* Luxury Car.

Thunderbird
UNIQUE IN ALL THE WORLD

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(A Reminder)

Today is the last time tonight will happen

© Copyright 1965 (We put the label on its side, too, so you could read it easier. We mention this so that when you are served Our Product labeled straight up in a restaurant you won't create a ruckus), Paul Masson Vineyards, Saratoga, California. (P. S. Doesn't "Brut" seem a thuddy-sounding name to describe something so delicious? If you can think of a more stimulating term for "Drier than Extra Dry" please let us know.)

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Continued from page 40

duced to five, and if they are not careful it doesn't exist at all.

In the case of the celebrated *Candy* it appears that Olympia Press, the French publisher, wasn't altogether careful. But the book was caught in a curious legal dilemma: the authors took it for granted that *Candy* would never make it through customs, hence made no effort to register her in Washington—a case of one regulation preventing the fulfillment of another. Then came the *Lady Chatterley* case in 1959, and down went the bars. She was followed by a number of Henry Miller's books, beginning with *Tropic of Cancer*. But for all these books the break came too late; the ad interim copyright period was over.

The case of Jean Genet involves an added complication. His *Thief's Journal* was written in French and translated into English by an American, Bernard Frechtman, whose version was first published by Olympia in France. The original was copyrighted, the translation was not. Greenleaf Publishers in Chicago photocopied the Olympia edition and brought it out in this country about the same time that Grove published an "authorized" edition of the same translation. Has Greenleaf infringed the copyright? Grove says it has, and is suing for damages. Greenleaf contends that Frechtman's version fell into the public domain when no application was made for ad interim protection within the prescribed period.

Greenleaf has been on hand to catch a good many fallen ladies, including the recent batch of Henry Miller's. There is irony in the fact that a liberalized customs actually penalizes the author by throwing him up for grabs after it is too late for him to secure a copyright. And there is reverse irony, perhaps, in the fact that the majority of these books appeal to the prurient-minded; there are some people who say the author is getting just what he deserves.

Legally, the "contract" publishers (those who pay royalties whether required under copyright law or not) are fighting the "no-contract" houses on the basis of the law's ambiguities. Attorney Charles Rembar, who represents Putnam's in behalf of *Candy* and Grove in behalf of Genet, argues that the ad interim provision is permissive rather than mandatory, a convenience for the publisher who wants to test the American market before printing his own edition—in effect, an extra benefit rather than the only route to a copyright. To date this view has been rejected by the Register of Copyrights. The issue is now before the courts.

"Often, of course, the writing is of considerable cultural value, but of doubtful commercial value," Rembar has stated in a letter to the Register. "Its author may, indeed, at some time find an American publisher, but there is no assurance whatever that this will happen within the time limits set . . . The absurdity is deepened when we contemplate the fact that the Copyright Law at the same time operates to secure to aliens the very rights that are denied to citizens."

THERE are other quirks and oddities in the present law. Because of technical deficiencies in filing for copyright, several Edgar Rice Burroughs novels are anybody's for the taking. When Houghton Mifflin published *Mein Kampf* here in 1939 the prickly question arose as to whether it should pay royalties to Adolf Hitler. The problem was solved by turning the money over to the Alien Property Custodian. But the point is that royalties were paid; most publishers do pay when the author of the book is still living. This is true even with Soviet authors, although the U.S. and the USSR have no copyright agreement, and in spite of the fact that an American author published in the Soviet Union must collect his rubles—and spend them—over there.

In this instance, American publishers are doing voluntarily what a provision of the revised copyright law (which recently underwent hearings before a Subcommittee of the House Committee on the Judiciary) spells out legally. Such a change would broaden the authority of the President to extend protection to "published works of foreign origin . . . without regard to reciprocity whenever he finds it to be in the national interest."

An even more important change in the draft bill would modify the "manufacturing clause." The present ceiling on the importation of a foreign edition would be raised from 1,500 to 3,500 copies, the ad interim requirements would be abolished entirely, and violation of the quota would result "in the possible loss of certain rights against infringement rather than complete loss of protection." The bill has not yet gone the length of its obstacle course in Congress but if the proposed changes are adopted, a great deal of the confusion surrounding certain books (not to mention the litigation) will be avoided. Future Henry Millers may be no more palatable to some readers, but at least they will not be penalized by having been published abroad. And Tolkien can afford to turn his newest manuscript over to a ten-fingered typist. —DAVID DEMPSEY.

"Gee, Dad, what I want is a father, not another pal."

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Poets, Publishers, and Policemen

Louis Untermeyer claims to be eighty years old as of October 1. Either he is lying his head off or the other eighty-year-olds are goofing off. I only know that after spending one afternoon in Newtown, Connecticut, as the guest of Mr. Untermeyer and the chirpy, charming lady—Bryna Ivens Untermeyer—who smiles away under the disquieting reference to her as "my current wife," I wouldn't challenge Louis Untermeyer to anything more strenuous than a game of slapjack, out of consideration for my health, not his. Within five minutes after my arrival at their house, a sprawling blue affair most of which dates back to 1740, I was hustled into a bathing suit and down to Lake Inferior, as they call the spring-fed torture device on their property. When my skin matched the house, I was allowed back up the hill and into my clothes while the noted poet and anthologist proved himself to be a noted bartender. Drink still in hand, I was zipped across the road and up over the garage to the studio where he works a seven-hour day. Then down the stairs, back across the road for dinner with two Untermeyers, three cats, and one Yorkshire terrier named Puck, whom Mr. Untermeyer regards as "absolute proof—my willingness to live with that dog—of my affection for Bryna. I am strictly an ailurophile."

Eventually I was allowed to settle in the living room, brandy in hand—were they worried about my heart?—and make the following notes, a few of which actually pertain to *Bygones* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.75), Mr. Untermeyer's second autobiography.

"This one is a corrective, not a sequel. The other one, *From Another World*, had some good chapters but it was only about me tangentially. *Bygones* took two years to write. Actually, the book's been printed and ready for at least two months, but I thought it would be a nice sentimental gesture on the part of the publisher to bring it out for my birthday, though I ask myself, 'Who the hell cares?' It seems boastful; the world is not really waiting to read about me.

"It was difficult to write. How candid can you be? How do you know if you are telling the truth? Those are rhetorical questions. It's all a kind of lying down on your own couch and being your own analyst. But think of the money you save and you even are paid for your analysis. Bryna served as my editor. Cliché remark: I couldn't have done it without the little woman. She kept telling me, 'Don't be coy about it.'"

Bryna Untermeyer, who is readying her own book about an Untermeyer cat, *Memoir for Mrs. Sullavan*, for February publication by Simon & Schuster, said, "He had a real resistance about going into the details of his personal life. Whenever he would want to give up on a section I told him to think of it as a little essay. He was more interested in the parts than the whole."

"The book," Untermeyer said, "is not a nice, continuous, chronological progression. It's a mosaic. I'm really orderly by nature, though I have a tolerance for disorder. I'm orderly in my work, disorderly in my emotions."

Now that he has finished his second—I doubt if it is his last—autobiography, will Louis Untermeyer retire and behave in socially approved eighty-year-old fashion? It seems not. "At the moment, aside from *Bygones*, there is also *Labyrinth of Love* [Simon & Schuster, $2.50], a book of poetry. And I'm doing a series of thirteen scripts for the Voice of America, with possibly thirteen more to come. The series is called 'The Poets Speak,' narrative and poetry. They're doing it in twenty-six languages. I'm not doing the editing. I couldn't spot typographical errors in Urdu.

"I like to feel I have three things going at once. I use my left hand for juveniles—very juvenile, slightly sinister. That's a Latin pun." (Did I mention the Untermeyer addiction to the pun? Well, that is the only one I will report.)

"I work from nine to five in my studio on assignments. Not on poetry. That comes or it doesn't. Mostly it doesn't. I am not affected or afflicted by 'God, how I hate to write.' I love to write. I'm a terribly loquacious person, and when I think that someone is willing to pay for my loquaciousness, it just proves that publishers are terribly foolish.

"I'm shortly going on the road to lecture. I know I should devote my declining years to writing. I'm not completely a peregrinating ham, but there is the double appeal of lecturing—vanity and cupidity. I could fight off either one but together they are more than this human being can withstand."

Bryna Untermeyer said, "I don't blame him for going on the road. Last May when Louis was convocation lecturer at the University of Indiana, a woman came up to me and said, 'Oh, Mrs. Untermeyer, your husband is a living legend.' All I could think of was me asking the living legend to help empty the dishwasher."

I didn't bother to ask Mr. Untermeyer that old cornball question about his secret for longevity because (1) I didn't think of it and (2) I know he's really forty-five. For those who insist on some sort of statement the best I can dredge up is the following: "I have no feeling about chronology. I know young people who were born old and then there's George Bernard Shaw, who was young until he died."

I have no statement at all on the matter from the current wife of the living legend, but I may have missed it while under the spell of her perfume, which she calls Crêpe de Chine and he Crap de Chien. (Damn it, there he goes again.)

Maurice Girodias, founder and publisher of Olympia Press (remember the little green books we used to smuggle home from Paris?), was a recent visitor to the United States. His trip was timed to the publication of *The Olympia Reader* (Grove, $12.50), an anthology of writings from "The Traveller's Companion Series," as those little green books were called. "As everyone is frustrated in one way or another, this should be a universal book," M. Girodias says about the anthology, which is made up of high—or low, depending on your attitude—points from Olympia Press books. About the authors anthologized (Henry Miller, Jean Genet, Samuel Beckett, Lawrence Durrell, William Burroughs, to cull a few off the top), a list of names to gladden a publisher's heart, Girodias is not overly joyful. "If I get the reputation of being a serious publisher, it could be disastrous."

Disaster for M. Girodias appears imminent, for Olympia Press, like it or not, must be taken seriously today. Olympia, founded only twelve years ago in Paris, where it publishes in English, has reduced most of the censorship restrictions in the United States and England—if not France—to rubble. Of his part in the Four-Letter Revolution Girodias, who right down to his graying sideburns looks like an American woman's dream of a Frenchman, has plenty to say. "It's a normal movement. The place of sex—I don't like that word—the place of eroticism has been suppressed for too long. After this, things will take their normal course. Censorship must be eliminated and will be in a few years' time. Do you realize, five years ago we would have

(*Continued on page* 61)

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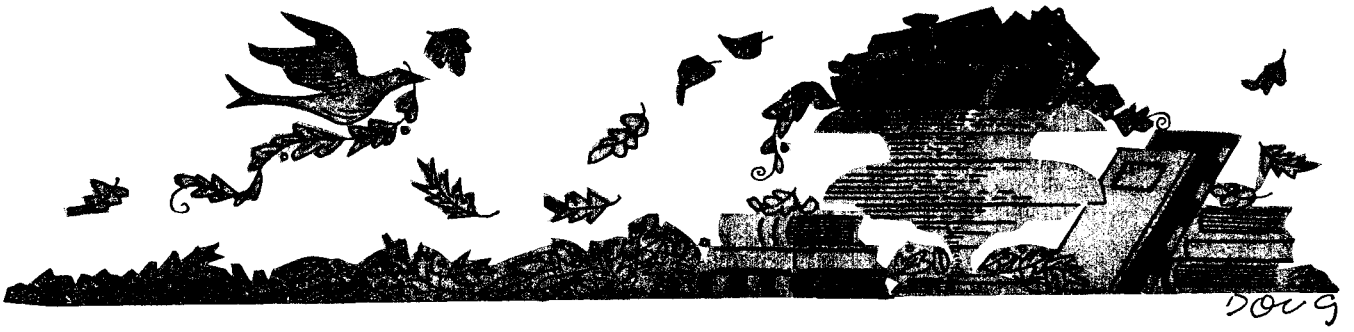

A Feel in the Air of Fall Books

Nonfiction

October

LENA. By Lena Horne and Richard Schickel. Doubleday. $4.95. With the same authority that characterizes her flawless performances, Miss Horne re-enacts her life.

SO THE HEFFNERS LEFT MCCOMB. By Hodding Carter. Doubleday. $3.50. A Mississippi family flies north after losing their fight with their church-bombing hometown to accept the Negro as citizen and neighbor.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED. By Russell Baker. Lippincott. $3.95. A knockout roundup of the penetrating observations of the *New York Times* columnist, who devotes himself mainly to throwing upper cuts at the middle class.

THE HONORABLE CONQUERORS: The Story of the American Occupation of Japan. By Walt Sheldon. Macmillan. $6.95. The political, economic, and human results of our occidental meeting with the East.

THE SENSE OF WONDER. By Rachel Carson. Harper & Row. $4.95. Miss Carson entreats parents to awaken in their children an early awareness of the mystery and meaning of the natural world around them.

BLACK BEECH AND HONEYDEW. By Ngaio Marsh. Little, Brown. $5.95. In this delightful display of personal detection the mistress of the suspense story leaves no doubt that her mind belongs to Old-Vic London and her heart to her native New Zealand.

REVOLUTION AT BERKELEY. Edited by Michael V. Miller and Susan Gilmore. Dial. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, 95¢. A collective analysis of the campus rumpus at the University of California, essayed by Sidney Hook, Paul Goodman, Nathan Glazer, Mario Savio, A. H. Raskin, Clark Kerr, and informed others.

DAYS OF SHAME. By Senator Charles E. Potter. Coward-McCann. $5.95. A low-blow by low-blow description of the untelevised happenings during the Army-McCarthy hearings, told for the first time by a member of the Wisconsin solon's committee.

THE JOB HUNTER. By Allen R. Dodd. McGraw-Hill. $4.95. A painful replay of the ten-hour days spent by a recently-fired advertising executive trying to sell himself to another employer.

KENNEDY. By Theodore Sorensen. Harper & Row. $10. A THOUSAND DAYS. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. Before Nov. 29, $7.50; after, $9. In these auspicious, magazine-launched memories of President Kennedy and his Administration, the recall of the authors has been criticized by some as more tattle than total.

PROTEST: Sacco-Vanzetti and the Intellectuals. By David Felix. Indiana Univ. Press. $5.95. Mr. Felix, retrying the celebrated case, finds the anarchists guilty as charged and the 1935 intellectual community less than innocent in emotionalizing an underdog-defense.

MONTAIGNE: A Biography. By Donald M. Frame. Harcourt, Brace & World. $10. Finally, after a century's pause, a full-length measurement of the person and philosophy of one of modern civilization's most magnificent minds.

WAGING PEACE. By Dwight D. Eisenhower. Doubleday. $6.95. If you liked his Administration, you'll love this final volume of General Eisenhower's memoirs, covering the second term of his popular Presidency.

HOW TO BE RICH. By J. Paul Getty. Playboy Press/Trident Press. $5. The roustabout-to-riches story of the oil-borne billionaire, whose successful war on his own early poverty is a campaign plan for the modern soldier of corporate fortune.

LETTER TO A CONSERVATIVE. By Steve Allen. Doubleday. $4.95. Between bookings, Mr. Allen concerns himself with the John Birch Society mentality, whose cerebrators he here addresses.

THE WOMAN IN AMERICA. Edited by Robert J. Lifton and the editors of *Daedalus*. Houghton Mifflin. $6. Leading psychologists, historians, and writers direct their attention to the nature and place of the Union's better half.

LIVES AND LETTERS. By Richard Altick. Knopf. $8.95. An able defense of and lively salute to the art and practitioners of literary biography.

NOTEBOOKS: 1942-1951. By Albert Camus. Translated by Justin O'Brien. Knopf. $5. The reflections of Camus, mirrored later in his work.

DILEMMAS OF URBAN AMERICA. By Robert C. Weaver. Harvard Univ. Press. $3.50. In these 1965 Godkin Lectures, the U.S. Housing and Home Finance Agency Administrator presents the problems of and his plans for accommodating the modern metropolitan population explosion.

THE NOBLEST CRY: A History of the American Civil Liberties Union. By Charles Lam Markmann. St. Martin's. $7.95. A forty-five-year review of the legal liberality of this country's "75,000 private Attorney Generals."

MONSTROUS REGIMENT: The Story of the Women of the First World War. By David Mitchell. Macmillan. $7.95. The author, England's amen to Betty Friedan, suggests that had the suffragettes stayed in the kitchen rather than manned the jobs on the homefront, the Germans would have had the likes of Phyllis McGinley to thank.

THE APPALACHIANS. By Maurice Brooks. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95. In this generously illustrated first volume of a series to be known as "The Naturalist's America," the professor of Wildlife Management at West Virginia University takes us the full length of the Eastern highland and shares his intimate knowledge of its wondrous natural diversity.

CONGO KITABU. By Jean-Pierre Hallet. Random House. $7.95. The survival story of a very fit government agronomist who bests jungle beasts and tropical germs to pursue his investigation of the agriculturally backward Belgian Congolese.

POOR RICHARD'S POLITICKS: Benjamin Franklin and His New American Order. By Paul W. Conner. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.50. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: Philosopher and Man. By Alfred Owen Aldridge. Lippincott. $7.95. Mr. Conner explores the Philadelphian's political philosophy, while Mr. Aldridge examines the cracks in the character of the liberty bellwether.

THE YEARS BETWEEN: 1939-1944. By Cecil Beaton. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

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$5.95. As official photographer for the Ministry of Information, Mr. Beaton catches the expression of the English war-torn in this second volume of his diaries.

BEYOND CULTURE: Essays on Literature and Learning. By Lionel Trilling. Viking. $5. A genteel challenge to modern writers who have opted for acceptance rather than rebellion.

PROUST: The Later Years. By George D. Painter. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $7.50. In a Proust-like search for human truth, Mr. Painter mortises together the known pieces of the artist's life to construct this biographical landmark.

CYNTHIA. By H. Montgomery Hyde. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95. If women can't keep secrets, they can certainly steal them, a fact suspensefully affirmed in this account of the spectacular life of the World War II English spy, Amy Elizabeth Thorpe, code-named "Cynthia."

PROPAGANDA. By Jacques Ellul. Knopf. $8.95. The author sees, in their massive technological use of the word as a weapon, frightening similarities between the brainwashing East and the hard-selling West.

MORNING AND NOON. By Dean Acheson. Houghton Mifflin. $6. The former Secretary of State's elegant and entertaining remembrances of his boyhood, New Deal, and diplomatic days.

THE YOUNG EXECUTIVES. By Walter Guzzardi, Jr. NAL. $4.50. An expansion of the author's applauded four-part series in *Fortune*, for which he interviewed more than 100 corporation "comers" to create this composite of the Board Chairmen to-be.

FAMILY. By Margaret Mead and Ken Heyman. Macmillan. $10. A survey of the world's familial similarities and differences leads to Miss Mead's conclusion that survival begins at home.

IN VARIOUS DIRECTIONS. By Tyrone Guthrie. Macmillan. $4.95. Mr. Guthrie directs his thoughts to local theaters, method acting, and the merits of Sir Laurence Olivier.

THOREAU AS WORLD TRAVELER. By John A. Christie. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.75. The wanderings of the adventurers of his day, pondered by New England's remarkable stay-at-home.

CANADA: The Uneasy Neighbor. By Gerald Clark. McKay. $6.75. The Canadian newspaper editor takes an understanding look at the secession-seeking provinces.

THE LIFE OF DYLAN THOMAS. By Constantine FitzGibbon. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $7.95. An eloquent evaluation of the poet as a highly professional artist who honestly attempted to "write the truth into his poems."

THE RISE AND FALL OF STALIN. By Robert Payne. Simon & Schuster. $10. Following his successful treatment of Lenin, Mr. Payne now tackles the formidable Georgian peasant.

THE CENTURY OF THE DETECTIVE. By Jurgen Thorwald. Harcourt, Brace & World. $8.95. A conscientious development of the history of criminal detection and how it affected the dastardly plans of the world's Harvey Crippens.

BIOGRAPHY OF AN IDEA. By Edward L. Bernays. Simon & Schuster. $12.95. The image-maker's Edison sheds light on the public relations profession he founded, the clients he publicized (from banking's Giannini to ballet's Nijinsky) and his uncle, the psychoanalyst (Freud).

ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE CINEMA. By C. W. Ceram. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.50. A definitive study of the technological pioneers of the ever-changing motion picture industry.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X. Assisted by Alex Haley. Grove. $7.50. The stark life of the assassinated Negro leader that began in a tenement and ended in tragedy.

ZERO. By Mostel. Horizon. $10. Interesting things happen on your way through this forum for the original ideas of an artistic virtuoso.

LA BATARDE. By Violette Leduc. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $6.95. Other than the Camus-Sartre set, no one seemed to know the work of Mlle. Leduc until this inflammable account of her life was published recently in Paris, where she is now a Seinesation.

November

THE BIG BOARD: A History of the New York Stock Market. By Robert Sobel. Free Press. $7.95. An enlightened summation of American business and the financial giants —Gould, Fisk, Vanderbilt, etc.—who walked up and down "The Street" and all over the country's basic economic interests.

THE ELEANOR ROOSEVELT STORY. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin. $7.50. Mr. MacLeish's text for the narration of and still pictures from a documentary being produced about the First Lady's life.

RUSSIA AND HISTORY'S TURNING POINT. By Alexander Kerensky. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $8.95. The personal evolution of Russia's first revolutionary Prime Minister and a splendid evocation of the forces and faces that changed his and world history.

WHAT'S HAPPENING. By Dick Gregory. Dutton. $1.95. A paperback picture-book look at the comedian as spokesman for U.S. college-student activists and Civil Rights advocates.

PARIS JOURNAL 1944-1965. By Janet Flanner (Genêt). Atheneum. $8.95. A nice assortment of the mail received from *The New Yorker's Paris* pen-pal, whose published correspondence began after the German and continued through the Gaullist occupations.

DESIGNING FOR THE THEATRE. By Jo Mielziner. Atheneum. Before Nov. 9, $19.95; after, $25. The laurels-decorated set designer recalls his forty years in the Broadway theater, where all of the stage is his creative world.

THIRTY DAYS IN MAY: A Dominican Diary. By Tad Szulc. Delacorte. $6. The *New York Times* Latin American correspondent rewrites all the news the government saw fit to print about the Santo Domingo disaster.

JAMES JOYCE IN PARIS: His Final Years. By Gisèle Freund and V. B. Carleton. Harcourt, Brace & World. $8.50. A photographic and nostalgic record of the last times Joyce saw Paris, between the two world wars.

COLLECTED LETTERS, 1874-1897, Bernard Shaw. Edited by Dan H. Laurance. Dodd, Mead. $12.50. A hundred and eighty correspondents received this mostly unpublished early mail from the one and only GBS.

THE PARANOID STYLE IN AMERICAN POLITICS. By Richard Hofstadter. Knopf. $5.95. The Pulitzer Prize-winning Columbia University professor dissects the mind of the American who confuses social progress with sinister plots.

FLAGSTAD. By Edwin McArthur. Knopf. $6.95. A triumphant tour with the bravoed diva, guided by her longtime American accompanist-conductor.

THE LIVING RACES OF MAN. By Carleton S. Coon. Knopf. $10. Dr. Coon advances his *The Origin of Races* theory to survey the racial origins of all peoples of the world.

THE PAPERS OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON. Vols. VIII and IX. Edited by Harold C. Syrett, Jacob E. Cooke, Jean H. Cooke, Cara Louise Miller, Dorothy Twohig, Patricia Syrett. Columbia Univ. Press. $12.50 each. A sweeping perspective of the operations of the U.S. Government during the Washington Administration is projected in these volumes of the first fully annotated collection of Hamilton's complete writings.

THE HISTORY OF ANTI-SEMITISM. By Leon Poliakov. Vanguard. $6.95. Mr. Poliakov proves in this first book of his proposed multivolumed treatment of the title subject that when and where there have been no Jews, anti-Semites have invented them.

THE POETRY OF MICHELANGELO. By Robert J. Clements. New York Univ. Press. Hardbound, $10. Paperback, $3.95. A convincing case for the artist as poet, evidenced by the 300-odd lyric poems scanned by *SR*'s monthly commentator on the European literary scene.

THE STANISLAVSKY HERITAGE. By Christine Edwards. New York Univ. Press. Hardbound, $10. Paperback, $3.50. A history of the controversial Moscow "system" that mutated into the New York "Method."

THE BIT BETWEEN MY TEETH. By Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $7.50. Mr. Wilson concludes his three-

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volume critical journey through the literary worlds of 1920-1965 Europe and America.

OUR VIETNAM NIGHTMARE. By Marguerite Higgins. Harper & Row. $5.95. A dim view of our Vietnamese involvement, by-lined by the Pulitzer Prize reporter.

JOHN SLOANE'S NEW YORK SCENE: From the Diaries, Notes and Correspondence, 1906-1913. Edited by Bruce St. John. Harper & Row. $12.50. The penned perceptions of the early-twentieth-century painter for whom the City of New York "sat" for her portrait.

PORTRAIT: Adlai E. Stevenson. By Alden Whitman and the editors of the *New York Times*. Harper & Row. $4.95. Reminiscences of his friends and excerpts from his speeches comprise this combination biography-history of the late United Statesman.

WORLD WITHOUT SUN. By Jacques Cousteau. Edited by James Dugan. Harper & Row. $10. The richly photographed underwater story of the renowned captain's deep-sea, television-and-refrigerator-equipped, five-room apartment.

BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD. By Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. Patrick Carroll-Abbing. Delacorte. $5.95. The inspiring "confession" of the Irish priest who fought as a resistance leader in Nazi-occupied Italy and stayed after the war to found the famous Italian Boys' Towns.

HALLIBURTON: The Magnificent Myth. By Jonathan Root. Coward-McCann. $5.50. In this interpretation of the Lancelot of the lecture circuit, Halliburton's tireless retreads of the voyages and explorations of others appear more pathetic than intrepid.

Fiction

October

CORK STREET, NEXT TO THE HATTER'S. By Pamela Hansford Johnson. Scribners. $4.95. The British novelist gathers her ridiculous group of would-be writers back to Cosmo Hines's bookshop, where they spend their time intellectualizing about The Absurd.

SLAVES OF THE LAMP. By Pamela Frankau. Random House. $5.95. Miss Frankau concentrates on young Thomas Weston and his soothsaying powers in this second volume of her three-part period-portrait of an English family.

THE DOORBELL RANG. By Rex Stout. Viking. $3.50. The advance word is that this is Mr. Stout's best ever, which should provide a big clue to this coming excitement that has Nero Wolfe wits-challenging the FBI.

BACKTRACK. By Milton Lott. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95. A sympathetic trackdown of a lost part of a trail-driver's life provides a stampeding good time for adult-Western readers.

THE PAINTED BIRD. By Jerry Kosinski. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95. The introduction of a six-year-old refugee boy, thrust on his own in 1939, to the evil and bestiality inherent in fear-consumed men.

AFRICAN STORIES. By Doris Lessing. Simon & Schuster. $7.95. A major collection of Miss Lessing's tales and novellas, encompassing the entire human complex of her native continent.

THE TIN CAN TREE. By Anne Tyler. Knopf. $4.95. A rewarding inspection of the continuity of life which death could only temporarily halt in a grief-stricken, backwater-town household in the South.

JOURNAL FROM ELLIPSIA. By Hortense Calisher. Little, Brown. $5.95. The unearthly hero of this slightly out-of-focus spoof on science fiction is a visitor from still another planet.

TOYLAND. By Mark Smith. Little, Brown. $4.95. A pause in the day's occupation of a pair of psychopaths when they are hired to murder two young children in the lonely woods of Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

THE MANDELBAUM GATE. By Muriel Spark. Knopf. $5.95. This thinking man's thriller cliffhangs the efforts of a British Foreign Service officer to shield a half-Jewish Catholic convert from Arabian gun shells during the time of the Eichmann trial.

MOUNTAIN MAN: A Novel of Male and Female in the Early American West. By Vardis Fisher. Morrow. $5.95. Fur-trappers and members of the Crow and Blackfoot tribes play out their mid-nineteenth-century lives in the wild country Mr. Fisher understands so well.

THE GAME OF X. By Robert Sheckley. Delacorte. $3.95. How to Succeed in the Spy Business with an operating operator whose head is turned by his own rapid professional advances and those of a Mata Hari from Hunter College.

STITCH. By Richard Stern. Harper & Row. $4.95. The flimsy raft of the married life of a romantically inclined advertising man and his restless wife keeps afloat on the canals of Venice, where they vacation, only to founder on home shores.

GOING TO MEET THE MAN. By James Baldwin. Dial. $4.95. In Mr. Baldwin's latest short stories the fire this time again rages against black-hearted whites destroying the dignity of Southern and Northern Negroes.

IN THE WORLD. By George P. Elliott. Viking. $6.95. The problems of a socially and sexually conscious northern California professor trying to resolve his academic, civic, and physical conflicts of interest.

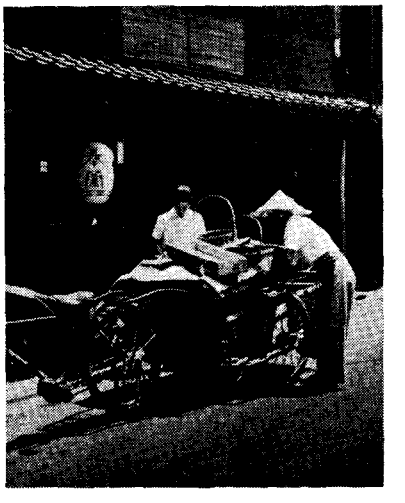
THE SAVAGE STATE. By Georges Conchon. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.50. An ex-

(*Continued on page* 76)

Portrait of a Tradition: "A bit of simple love, . . . and a full measure of imagination" is Morton W. Huber's prescription for the traveler in search of *Vanishing Japan* (Chilton, $12.50). Through photographs, watercolors, and pencil sketches the artist-author offers glimpses of a mode of life that, though rapidly succumbing to twentieth-century "progress," lingers in the remoter byways.

"A Bountiful Catch"

"High Priest"



"Street Vendor"

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Big Names in the Fall Book News

—*From the book.*

On the knee of John Drew—a happy memory in Helen Hayes's *A Gift of Joy* (Evans, Oct. 25).

—*United Artists Records.*

Lena Horne relaxes between recording sessions and relives her life in *Lena* (Doubleday, Oct. 1).

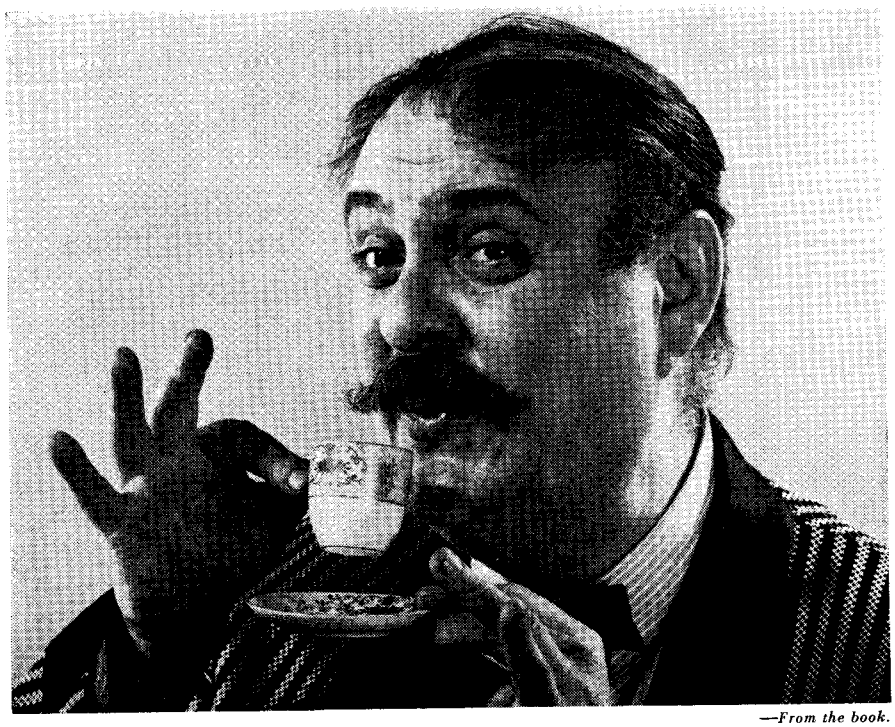
—*From "I.E."*

Mickey Rooney with Mrs. Richard Burton. His autobiography, *I.E.*, will be in print Nov. 9 (Putnam); her husband is writing about her in Dec.

One President Recalls, Another Is Remembered, Civil Righters Write, Novelists Best-Sell, and Stars Shine in Their Own Material.

Salvador Dali memorializes himself in *Diary of a Genius* (Doubleday, Oct. 22).

—*Philippe Halsman.*



—*From the book.*

***Zero, by Mostel* (Horizon, Oct. 30) is the tag title of the book by this miracle of a man.**

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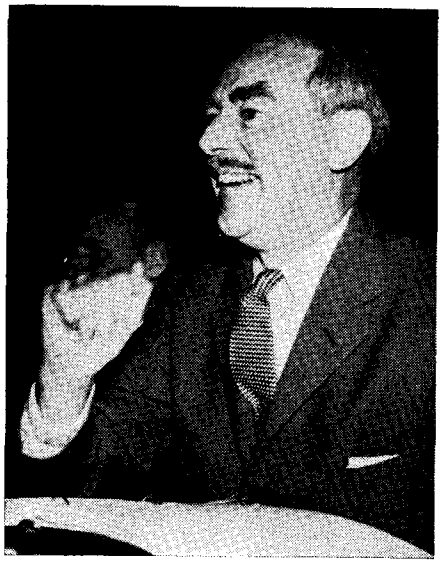

—*Wide World.*

Past Secretary of State Dean Acheson recalls his youthful pranks in *Morning and Noon* (Houghton Mifflin, Oct. 25).

—*Black Star.*

A hot dog to a caviar man, J. Paul Getty; see *How to Be Rich* (Playboy/Trident, Oct. 15).

—*Alex Gotfryd (Doubleday).*

In Gettysburg, Ike finished Vol. II of his memoirs, *Waging Peace* (Doubleday, Oct. 14).

—*Wide World.*

JFK in 1963 goes over tax proposals with Theodore Sorensen, author of *Kennedy* (Harper & Row, Oct. 5).

In his Senate-cloakroom coverage of the Army-McCarthy hearings, *Days of Shame* (Coward-McCann, Oct. 11), real estate broker Charles E. Potter (center) impales his late Upper Chamber colleague Joseph R. McCarthy (right).

—*Wide World.*

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—*Pictorial Parade.*

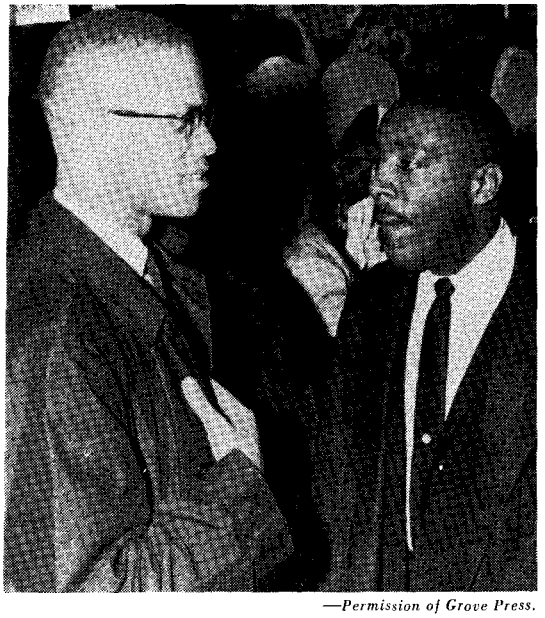
The Simenons in London; a departure in *The Little Saint* (Harcourt, Brace & World, Oct. 27).

—*Marilyn Strafford (Pix).*

Baghdad and Beirut figure in Alec Waugh's *The Mule on the Minaret* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Oct. 29).

—*London Daily Express.*

Ngaio Marsh remembers her own suspenseful life in *Black Beech and Honeydew* (Little, Brown, Oct. 7).



—*Permission of Grove Press.*

Confab between authors—the late Muslim leader *(Autobiography of Malcolm X*, Grove, Oct. 29) and Dick Gregory (*What's Happening*, Dutton, Nov. 1).

—*Walter Daran.*

James Baldwin's latest short story collection is *Going to Meet the Man* (Dial, Oct. 22).

—*Rollie McKenna.*

A sober look at the poet in *The Life of Dyan Thomas*, by Constantine FitzGibbon (Little, Brown, Oct. 26).

Actor with playwright Camus —a pause between *Notebooks: 1942-1951* (Knopf, Oct. 18).

—*Pictorial Parade.*

—*David Gahr.*

Hortense Calisher reaches into space for her novel hero of *Journal from Ellipsia* (Little, Brown, Oct. 15).

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The Literary Sampler

Excerpts from New and Forthcoming Books

Where Words Become Meaning

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN GREEDY for words. I never can get enough of them. I love Elizabethan plays, dictionaries of slang and argot, lists of Americanisms. I am always studying foreign languages, though my grasp of them is likely to be literary rather than practically colloquial. I suppose that it is partly that I like to recapture the excitement I felt in childhood when, attacking for the first time on my own a greenish primer with myrtle on the cover, I found that the sentences ran on into meaning; and partly, I think, that I get from this exercise the same sort of intellectual relaxation that other people get from crossword puzzles and chess problems. I have come to depend for a kind of consolation, in circumstances trying or boring, on the quiet unexacting support that is afforded by lexicons and grammars; and I have discovered that reviewing conjugations and declensions is a very effective device for putting oneself to sleep. A foreign language commits you to nothing: by amusing the mind, at first, with technical problems of grammar and the accents of a new vocabulary, it frees one from one's pressing immediate problems and from the tone of one's own community. . . . And in the meantime one is getting new insights—always, I find, surprising—into the way in which other people live, or have lived, in other parts of the world, and the infinite variety of ways in which they conceive their existence. As was said to me once of Welsh by a friend who was born in Wales, "A language is a way of life."

—*From "The Bit Between My Teeth," by Edmund Wilson (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Nov. 29).*

Who Done It—the FBI?

"I SAID AFTER LUNCH that you had made it clear that it would be futile to establish that the FBI committed that murder. I retract that. I will not bow to futility. We must arrange a situation in which none of the three alternatives would be futile. They are: one, establish that the FBI committed the murder; two, establish that they didn't; and three, establish neither one, let the murder go. We prefer by far the second alternative, . . . but if we are forced to accept the first or third we must manage circumstances so that we will nevertheless be in a position to fulfill our obligation to our client."

"You have no obligation except to investigate and use your best efforts."

"Your pronouns again."

"All right, 'we' and 'our.'"

"That's better. Just so, our best efforts. The strongest obligation possible for a man with self-esteem, and we both have our full share of that. One point is vital. No matter which alternative circumstances compel us to accept, Mr. Wragg [of the FBI] must believe, or at least suspect, that one of his men killed Morris Althaus. I can contrive no maneuver by us that would contribute to that; I was trying to when you returned. Can you?"

—*From "The Doorbell Rang," by Rex Stout (Viking, Oct. 8).*

Lending Form to Life

IN HIS PREFACE to *The Good Soldier* Ford wrote that what he had wanted to do for English literature was what Maupassant's *Fort Comme la Mort* had done for French. Superficially, the two stories are similar in so far as the pursuit of Annette de Guilleroy by Olivier Bertin is something like the growing love Edward Ashburnham feels for Nancy Rufford, his young ward. Both novels present a psychological war of attrition and deal with the interplay of contradictory scruples. But Ford's remark about Maupassant refers not so much to subject-matter as to technique. For many years prior to 1913 Ford had considered himself in the tradition of the French novel of the nineteenth century rather than in the tradition of Fielding and Thackeray. This heritage, so important to both Conrad and himself, presupposes a conscious awareness of technique so that the subject could be put across in the most interesting and economical way possible.

The first task of an artist is to try to impose some sort of form on life. As Ford himself put it, "Life meanders, jumps backwards and forwards, draws netted patterns like those on the musk melon. It seems the most formless of things." But as the artist's gift is his power to see the pattern, so his duty is to make it plain to the reader. To do so he must work consciously to make sure that nothing interferes with or distorts his ultimate purpose. Once Ford likened form in a novel to the playing of bridge, explaining that the function of each was to take the last trick and thus the game. The artistic conscience therefore above all requires discipline. Every part of the novel must remain subsidiary to the whole; big scenes and characters larger than life must be eliminated if they detract from the view of life that the book as a whole portrays.

—*From "The Life and Work of Ford Madox Ford," by Frank MacShane (Horizon, Oct. 4).*

Socializing at Sea

FOR A LONGER CRUISE, the most difficult problem of a yachting hostess is to find among her friends congenial yachting guests. You might think that the perfect choice would be another sailing couple like yourselves, but this is seldom so. It is vital during a sea voyage for the captain of the craft to enjoy complete and autocratic authority, and since every skipper has his own methods and routine, your expert sailor friend may not always be in agreement, and his disaccord will be aggravated by the fact that he is accustomed to giving shipboard commands rather than to obeying them. . . .

A guest who has never before been to sea represents a different kind of risk, because there is no way of telling how he or she will react to the very special conditions of community life on a small boat. Traits and mannerisms that seemed charming in a drawing room can drive you crazy at sea.

—*From "Entertaining with Elegance," by Genevieve Antoine Dariaux (Doubleday, Oct. 15).*

Another Kind of Conscience

I BECAME THAT PARADOXICAL CREATURE: a bellicose pacifist.

A few months after the United States entered the war I joined the New York branch of the Office of War Information. My motives for making the move were

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not pure. I was impelled by a genuine desire to do what I could to end the unremitting horrors of a universal madness. . . .

It was a time of anxiety for everyone. For me it was made more anxious by a contretemps with Robert [Frost]. Although I knew that Robert refused to be drawn into anything political, I counted on his peculiar ordinariness, his combination of humanism and indignation, to help the war effort. Our friendship had grown into the closest intimacy. We had shared crises. He had seen me through two marital upsets and had understood my difficulties. His own miseries had been far greater than mine. . . .

Yet, struck with one tragedy after another, Robert never gave way to self-pity or beat his breast in poetry. He wanted me to be equally severe. During a Job-like period he wrote me: "I'd impose it as a penalty on you that you shouldn't wax literary on what you've been through or turn it to account in any way. I won't if you won't. It must be kept down under the surface where the great griefs belong."

Perhaps I counted on Robert too much; it was a great grief to me when I found that he could not be counted on during the war. Working with other authors opposing Facism, I tried to get Robert to make a declaration or add his name to an appeal. It was a mistake. I was offended when he insisted on staying "above the battle"; the issues involved seemed so catastrophic that they would prevent anyone from remaining aloof. I should have remembered how much Robert prided himself on being a "separatist," a disdainer of all parties and platitudes, especially the patriotic ones. I should have respected his private isolationism. When I forgot and urged him to do something, he wrote me a sad, intimate, rueful, and deeply touching letter-poem. . . .

Later I came to treasure the letter for its logic, its philosophical *laissez faire* and, not unnaturally, its personal warmth. . . . I was fully sensible of my love for him. But until the war was over there was a coolness, a rift, that made us both unhappy.

—From "Bygones: The Recollections of Louis Untermeyer" (Harcourt, Brace & World, Oct. 1).

To a Lady

June 8, 1762

MADAM

I hope you will believe that my delay in answering Your letter could proceed only from my unwillingness to destroy any hope that You had form'd. Hope is itself a species of happiness, & perhaps the chief happiness which this World affords, but like all other pleasures immoderately enjoyed, the excesses of hope must be expiated by pain, & expectations improperly indulged must end in disappointment. If it must be asked, what is the improper expectation which it is dangerous to indulge, experience will quickly answer, that it is such expectation, dictated not by reason but by desire; expectation raised not by common occurrences of life but by the wants of the Expectant; an Expectation that requires the common course of things to be changed, and the general rules of Action be broken.

When you made Your request to me, You should have considered, Madam, what You were asking. You ask me to solicit a great Man to whom I never spoke, for a young Person whom I had never seen, upon a supposition which I had no means of knowing to be true. There is no reason why amongst all the great, I should chuse to supplicate the Archbishop, nor why among all the possible objects of his bounty, the Archbishop should chuse your Son. I know, Madam, how unwillingly conviction is admitted, when interest opposes it; but surely, Madam, You must allow that there is no reason why that should be done by me which every other man may do with equal reason, and which indeed no man can do properly without some very particular Relation both to the Archbishop & to You. If I could help You in this exigence by any proper means, it would give me pleasure, but this proposal is so very remote from all usual methods, that I cannot comply with it, but at the risque of such answer & suspicions, as I believe you do not wish me to undergo.

I have seen your Son this morning, he seems a pretty Youth, and will perhaps find some better friend than I can procure him, but though he should at last miss the University he may still be wise, useful, & happy.

I am Madam,
Your most humble Servant,
Sam: Johnson

—From "Dr. Johnson: His Life in Letters," selected and edited by David Littlejohn (Prentice-Hall, Oct. 15).

Show Biz Before Broadway

THE DOMINANCE OF NEW YORK became a fact despite the growing population elsewhere, despite the presence of theaters and companies in other parts of the country and despite the increase of touring by managers and companies whose hardihood and intrepidity matched those of the pioneers. . . .

Not everyone rejoiced as the theatre spread its tentacles farther north on Manhattan. When Thomas S. Hamblin, a restless manager, cooked up a scheme in 1845 to raise $100,000 for a new theater by borrowing $1 from each of 100,000 persons in return for scrip guaranteeing a dollar's worth of admission to his finished house, the *Broadway Journal* jumped on him.

"We should regret exceedingly," said an unsigned editorial, "to see a theater erected in Broadway, more especially such a theatre as Mr. Hamblin would probably put up. Considering the effect which theatres invariably have in the neighborhood where they have been built, we should expect that the owners of the property would protest the erection of one in that noble thoroughfare."

—From "The Making of the American Theatre," by Howard Taubman (Coward-McCann, Oct. 13).

Where Prayer Is a Way of Life

PERHAPS THE CHIEF THING that sets Tibetans apart. . . is their emphasis on their religion, which is Lamaistic Buddhism. It is probably an exaggeration to say that religion is everything in Tibetan thought, though it has been put that way to me by experts, including a Western-trained Chinese anthropologist. There is no Tibetan protestantism, and Christian missionaries in Tatsienlu say it is painfully slow work—almost hopeless—to make Tibetan converts. On the higher metaphysical levels, Tibetan Buddhism has made enthusiasts of most Westerners who have seriously looked into it, but this is beyond the horizon of a casual visitor. What a visitor notices is the way Buddhism in its lower, symbolic forms permeates Tibetan daily life. A traveler on the Tibetan plateau finds nearly everyone telling beads and chanting in the thin air. Yak drivers, as they walk slowly behind their lumbering animals, hold rosaries and chant as if it were the most natural thing in the world. The Tibetan who furnished horses for our trip, and who accompanied us, chanted a good part of the time. At the farmhouse where we stayed a woman sat by the dung brazier in the evening holding her beads and chanting while a handsome small boy sat listening to her, a sheepskin thrown over his shoulders. There seems really to be no pursuit dur-

(*Continued on page 75*)

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A Mind on the Heart of the Matter

The Myth and the Powerhouse, *by Philip Rahv (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 243 pp. $4.95), contains critical essays on subjects ranging from criticism itself to works by Dostoevsky, Chekhov, Hemingway, and Eliot. Emile Capouya is a free-lance writer and literary critic.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

"THE CRAZE for myth is the fear of history," says Mr. Philip Rahv in the essay that gives his new collection its title. He is talking about the school of criticism that reduces all literature to variants of a small number of fables, sometimes grandly simple, sometimes simple without grandeur, and judges individual works largely on the basis of what scope they offer for speculative mythomania. A clever man, after all, can read myths into novels almost as he runs; and the method offers great advantages, sparing him all compromising contact with whatever is historically specific in the work of art, whatever smacks of the human predicament in its oppressive actuality. In an age in which politics is particularly sticky, it does away with politics. Only on paper, of course, but that is good enough for the single-minded myth-fancier.

The observation is typical of Mr. Rahv's common sense—as always, a form of intellectual courage. It reminds us that we must distinguish between Mr. Rahv's own career as a critic and his long editorial association with *Partisan Review*. That journal, for all its many virtues, sometimes strikes me as a mere percursor to *Encounter*, a preacher making straight the path for that mightier prophet whose doctrines, being interpreted, are pure Cold War. Mr. Rahv is more than a cut above all that. In his individual case, the political disappointments culminating in the Russo-German pact did not produce that permanent darkness at noon in which some of his ex-Marxist colleagues are still groping their way. The burnt child fears the fire, but Mr. Rahv is not a child, and he sometimes consents to immerse himself in the destructive element. And since he has other gifts besides brains and the strength to use them—learning, originality, the sense of the uses and limits of an idea—his criticism is very good indeed. In one essay he denies, on theoretical grounds, that criticism is one of the creative arts; he means to deflate the criticism industry thereby, and discountenance the attempt of the purblind to lead those artists handicapped by sight. But his own practice gives the lie to that gentlemanly disclaimer, and would do so even more if his style always reflected the elegance and clarity of his ideas.

As it is, the essays on Dostoevsky included in this volume already enjoy the standing of small classics of interpretation. Mr. Rahv, indeed, has made a special study of the great Russians, and feels for them an enthusiasm this side of idolatry that is as good a mood as any in which to make judgments on literature, for the ground of insight is love. His essay "Gogol as a Modern Instance" has more pertinent and interesting ideas than one could reasonably expect to find in so short a treatment, including a characteristic insistence, in Mr. Vladimir Nabokov's despite, that Gogol's art is unthinkable without Gogol's social context – serfs, landowners, officials, and free-enterprisers taking their first toddling steps in the direction of capitalism. "The Education of Anton Chekhov" is equally remarkable for sympathetic insight, though I think Mr. Rahv is overcautious in representing Chekhov as a lesser luminary than his great nineteenth-century predecessors. Chekhov is a new creation, right enough, but a miracle still, inimitable and, strictly speaking, incomparable.

After the essays devoted to the problems of criticism and the studies of particular masters, Mr. Rahv has a section containing seven short pieces, entitled "Critical Sketches." On inspection, most of these look remarkably like reviews, and such good ones that I wonder why they are not so denominated. But setting aside this bit of auctorial—or perhaps editorial—coyness, I think it more serious that none of the essays in the book is definitely identified as having been published in such-and-such a journal on such-and-such a date. Mr. Rahv's book is as far from being a seamless garment as he is from being a Johnny-One-Note. His intellectual development and its tempo are of legitimate interest to the reader. His art, like Gogol's, is historically specific, and it would be useful to know what the general context was at the time each of the essays was composed. In the "Critical Sketches" section, of course, we may assume that the pieces appeared shortly after the publication and production of the books and plays they treat, and two actually bear dates; but we have no such guide in the case of the other essays.

In any event, the last pieces deal with T. S. Eliot as a playwright (*The Cocktail Party*), "Hemingway in the Early 1950s," Maxwell Geismar's attack on the reputation of Henry James, George P. Elliott's and Leslie Fiedler's most recent collections of essays, Saul Bellow's *Herzog*, Arthur Miller's *Incident at Vichy*, and Norman Mailer's *An American Dream*. Excellent literary journalism—excellent reviews, in fact. In those cases in which I was in a position to have an opinion, I found myself generally adopting Mr. Rahv's—with two exceptions. One is his estimate of Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* as no masterpiece but still a very considerable work. I think myself that if the story had not been signed by Hemingway, readers would have thought it unremarkable, except possibly as a pastiche of Hemingway.

And then Mr. Rahv thinks that Ramona in *Herzog* is "an outstanding creation . . . the best portrait in contemporary fiction of the modern woman *par excellence* who has made good on the sexual revolution. That kind of woman is the chief beneficiary of the revolution, made mostly by men." Mr. Rahv, Mr. Bellow, what *are* you talking about? The fact is that Mr. Bellow is generally not very nice about women, and he is not at all nice about the hapless Ramona. That Mr. Rahv applauds the creation, and reads a kind of social progress in it, is cause for astonishment. Women are the universal depressed minority group, which is why they are looked down upon, exploited, patronized, and resented. I thought everyone knew that.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1156

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1156 will be found in the next issue.

UBHBUBTLB: – XOB GVPUPXYDS

DXXPXYMB FN D RDT XF D

AFM DTM D MFA XF D RDT.

DRCUFGB CPBULB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1155

A good storyteller is a person who has a good memory and hopes other people haven't. –I. S. Cobb.

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America's First Peace Mission

The Peacemakers: The Great Powers and American Independence, *by Richard B. Morris (Harper & Row. 572 pp. $10), delineates the intricacies of European international diplomacy during the negotiations that resolved the Revolutionary War. Samuel Flagg Bemis, Sterling Professor of Diplomatic History and Inter-American Relations, Emeritus, at Yale, is author of "The Hussey-Cumberland Mission and American Independence" and "The Diplomacy of the American Revolution."*

By SAMUEL FLAGG BEMIS

NOTWITHSTANDING the wealth of publication by American and European historical scholars that has accumulated during the last fifty years, there has been hitherto no detailed and definitive work on the complicated diplomacy of the peacemaking that ended in the final treaty of American independence. Now we have it in this magisterial study by Professor Richard B. Morris of Columbia University, who is meanwhile editing for publication a complete edition of the Papers of John Jay. In a labor of at least five years, a *tour de force* of historical and linguistic erudition, Professor Morris has absorbed all the secondary literature on the subject, all the printed and photographed sources out of the archives of the United States and those of the European powers, and finally and superbly the private manuscript collections and the still untouched papers of the public archives themselves. The result is a model study of diplomatic history, executed with great sophistication and a profound knowledge of the intricacies of European international politics.

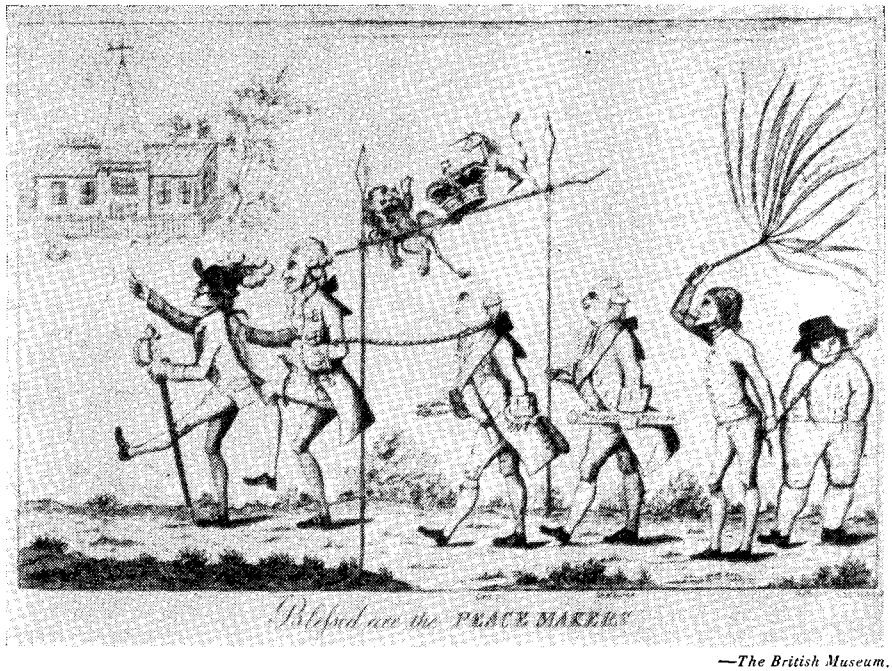
Morris deals skillfully and at length with the central problem of the American peace commissioners, Benjamin Franklin, John Jay, and John Adams: how they cut the bond of France's two separate alliances, with the United States (to which Spain was not a party), and later with Spain (to which the United States was not a party), an alliance that, to quote one writer, "chained American independence to the Rock of Gibraltar." Concerned with men as well as with measures, Professor Morris provides matchless descriptions of the purposes and intrigues of the various European chancelleries, superbly portraying the diplomatic personalities involved: the individual American peace commissioners, each *sui generis*—the enigmatic Earl of Shelburne, who directed the British negotiations, and his complaisant plenipotentiary in Paris, Richard Oswald; the slippery French Foreign Minister Vergennes, ringmaster of all the performers; and Aranda, the frustrated Spanish Ambassador to France who made final peace possible by forgoing Gibraltar in violation of his instructions. Included in the gallery are opposition leaders and personalities and the petty intriguers, spies, double agents, and self-appointed advisers and communicants who plotted and reported behind the scenes. Not a participant, major or minor, escapes the author's graphic characterization.

There are sidecar chapters on backstairs diplomacy, and on the internal convulsions that threatened England during the war—such as the Lord George Gordon riots in London—and on the efforts of Austria and Russia to act as mediators for a peace that would be based on the war-map of the United States; during a black period of the war Vergennes secretly acquiesced to these proposals, which would have partitioned the United States aborning.

Mr. Morris does not accept or even dignify by mentioning a historical canard still lingering in some textbooks, that by secretly and separately signing provisional articles of peace the American commissioners violated the Franco-American Alliance! No such thing, of course. The conditional articles of eventual peace were not to go into effect, nor even was any armistice to take place between Great Britain and the United States, until France also signed her own preliminaries of peace and her armistice with the enemy. The commissioners did violate their instructions from Congress not to sign or conclude anything without the express knowledge of the King of France, a stipulation insinuated into their instructions from the Continental Congress by the diplomatic prowess if not actual subornation of Vergennes's minister in Philadelphia, La Luzerne.

Needless to say, despite captious debates about the conduct of its heroic diplomats, Congress never actually complained about their magnificent success. Necessary to say, Vergennes himself had secretly conferred with the enemy behind the backs of the American commissioners in regard to their own interests. "In short, right down to the wire," as verified by Morris, "the French were in confidential parley with the enemy opposing American claims."

Professor Morris offers the first adequate treatment of later negotiations of preliminaries between the United States and Great Britain (which did not alter the preliminary articles) and of France and Spain and The Netherlands with Great Britain. He also elucidates the complicated negotiations between the signing of the preliminary articles and



—*The British Museum.*

An uncharitable contemporary cartoon of the peacemaking.

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armistices and the definitive treaties of 1783, as well as the further involved, and unfruitful, labors of the peacemakers and the ungrateful reaction to them in their respective countries.

In his footnotes—which the publisher most inconveniently relegated to the rear of the book, with a many-notched key to abbreviations—Mr. Morris manages to mention everything published, whether significant or not. However, the scholar would welcome a bibliography or at least a critical essay that would sort out and appraise the principal printed works used.

Some thirty years ago a historian, still living I believe, ended a little volume on the diplomacy of the American Revolution by saying, "The greatest victory in the annals of American diplomacy was won at the outset by Franklin, Jay, and Adams." The historian, *c'était moi*, your humble servant and reviewer. It is comforting to know that although Mr. Morris administers at least one or two corrections of detail (pp. 347, 516) he does not seem to disagree with any of my premises and conclusions. In fact, I find some of them echoed throughout. And I would fain echo his dictum that it was John Jay who played "the central role" among the American plenipotentiaries—with able assists both from "clear-headed John Adams," who had already "put a spoke in the wheel" of the co-mediation conspiracy and "who could whiff a conspiracy a thousand leagues away," and from the deep if ostensibly trustful Benjamin Franklin, "the good doctor . . . the old doctor."

Morris's style is quick and wonderful. Although directed primarily to historical scholars, the book, which has sixteen pages of well-chosen photographs, should be engaging to all Revolutionary War buffs.

In perusing it I detected only two misprints of spelling (pp. 371, 381). But then, I am afraid my eyesight must be failing; it is not too dull, however, to enable me to admire and praise beyond stint this magnificent volume. Its unquestionable distinction merits high award.

He Came to Claim His Empire

***Napoleon's Eighty Days,** by D. J. Goodspeed (Houghton Mifflin. 192 pp. $4.95), reviews the Corsican's dramatic journey from Alexandria to Paris, culminating in his seizure of control of France. British historian J. H. Plumb is the author of "Men and Centuries."*

By J. H. PLUMB

NAPOLEON, the perennial! It has been done before and will be done again—perhaps better, but more likely worse, for D. J. Goodspeed lives up to his name. His narrative moves at an excellent pace; his eye is sharp for incident, and he never wastes a dramatic moment. If there is nothing new to say, that is scarcely his fault, for the manner in which Napoleon seized power on 18 Brumaire 1799 has been worked over by dozens of historians.

Not, however, that Mr. Goodspeed is free from faults. He does not possess much historical insight and accepts most of the old claptrap about the Revolution and the Terror that was becoming old-fashioned in 1900. Whenever he moves, which is rare, from the detail of his story to the general historical background, his prose is littered with clichés. His book, however, is compulsorily readable: once started, it is hard to put down. It would make an excellent film. Indeed, there have been so many good books about Napoleon and Josephine these last two years that I begin to suspect many publishers and authors have already cast Mr. and Mrs. Richard Burton for a Napoleonic epic. Certainly Mr. Goodspeed's book should join the growing band of hopefuls.

The story is excellent: Napoleon stealing away from Alexandria at the dead of night, deserting an army and a mistress. The hair-raising sail through the Mediterranean, dominated by the English Navy. His tumultuous receptions in Corsica and France, only to be followed by the personal tragedy of his relations with Josephine—his ardor, her adultery; his fury, her repentance; love and lust reunited at last (what a sequence that would be).

And then the plotting of the *coup*, with as superb a bunch of "characters" as ever stalked through any Hollywood epic: Murat, gaudy, hot-blooded, amorous; Barras, corrupt, lecherous, broken; Sièyes, devious, unscrupulous, avaricious; Talleyrand, smooth, sinister, treacherous. Add a handful of soldiers, loyal, colorful, intense, and, brooding over the entire epic, the passionate, violent, Josephine-hating Bonaparte family. There would scarcely be a star unemployed in the film industry.

And the plotting culminates in a magnificent set scene, the 18th Brumaire itself. The great cavalcade riding out with Napoleon to St. Cloud would heighten the dramatic intensity of Napoleon's confrontation with the Council of Ancients and the Five Hundred, underlining his extraordinary failure in his speech to the Ancients, and the final moment of near-defeat when he was manhandled by members of the Lower House. The day was saved only by a moment of brutal decision: the sword had to be used, and the representatives were gleefully flung out of their hall by Murat, who chased them into obscurity through the gardens of St. Cloud. The Directory was overthrown, Napoleon was First Consul of France, and the next night he and Josephine slept in the Luxembourg Palace.

It is, of course, history with the truth left out. Behind the image of Napoleon were determined historical forces: a middle class of bankers, contractors, and manufacturers who wanted not peace but war. The *coup d'état* had started long before Napoleon left Egypt, and there is little sense in Mr. Goodspeed's assertion that had Napoleon been assassinated, as well he might, in that meeting with the Council of Five Hundred, the course of French and European history would have been quite different. The explosive force of the French Revolution was still enormous in 1799; with the assumption of power by Napoleon the Revolution was not brought to an end but acquired fresh energy. The structural changes made in French society by the Napoleonic régime were as profound as any made by the Terror, and one of the important sources of Napoleon's support in 1799 came from the intellectuals for that very reason. But then, analysis of the forces at work on 18 Brumaire is not Mr. Goodspeed's intention. Presumably he set out not to enlighten but to entertain, and this he achieves wih real panache. I hope he sells his film rights.

—*Sketch by David in the Louvre.*

Napoleon—"fresh energy."

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Civil War: The Whole Story

Never Call Retreat: *Volume III of The Centennial History of the Civil War, by Bruce Catton (Doubleday. 576 pp. $7.50), completes the author's study of "the epic experience in American history." David M. Potter, who teaches history at Stanford University, is the author of "Lincoln and His Party in the Secession Crisis."*

By DAVID M. POTTER

DESPITE the flood of Civil War books which the Centennial poured out upon the country, no one in the present century has completed a full-scale history of the Civil War as a whole —no one, that is, until Bruce Catton. Kenneth Williams's fifth volume left him with some distance yet to cover at the time of his death; Douglas Freeman wrote only of the Army of Northern Virginia; Allan Nevins is still in progress. But *Never Call Retreat* brings Catton across the finish line with a work of real magnitude in every sense of the word.

Catton's final volume appears amid a good many indications that the bloom of popularity is off the Civil War. The Centennial began as too much of a celebration, and it was marred by a growing awareness that after a century the war was still not entirely over. Four years of commemoration was excessive in any case. Catton may, therefore, find that he is now launching one of his finest craft on a falling tide. Also, it may be that we have grown to take Catton too much for granted. Like Eugene O'Neill's father as the Count of Monte Cristo, he has succeeded in one role almost too well.

Yet it is clear that Catton's present work is a climactic achievement and that he has brought qualities of the highest order to his treatment. While some of these qualities are widely appreciated, others have not really received the recognition they deserve. Catton is well known, for instance, for his ability to recreate the living event with the breath still in it, and for passages that sometimes approach the purple. Yet the fact is that his rhetoric seldom soars, and he attains his lofty effects with a remarkably downright style. He also has a genius for seizing upon the small but significant detail that will illuminate a whole scene.

—*Drawing by Burt Silverman.*

Bruce Catton—"a transfusion to historical data which are sometimes anemic."

These are essentially literary rather than historical qualities, but some of Catton's best effects result from his accuracy and penetration of judgment rather than from artistic technique. Consider, for instance, his appraisal of General Hood: "John B. Hood was uncomplicated, and when they gave him Joe Johnston's army he assumed that he was expected to go out and fight. This he did, and presently the South lost 20,000 good soldiers, Atlanta, the Presidential election, and most of what remained of the war. Hood can be blamed too much, because when he applied simple pugnacity to a situation that required finesse he was in the grand tradition; after all, that was how the independence of the Confederacy had been asserted in the first place, and perhaps it was only natural that it should be lost in the same way. The black mark against Hood is that after he overtried his army and broke it he complained that his soldiers had let him down."

Wholly apart from how well this reads, it is a model of judicious evaluation and a masterpiece of swift summary —especially the second sentence. It is not only truth, but highly distilled truth. Time and again, Catton's effects derive from the cogency of his judgment, the directness with which he gets to the bedrock, the clarity with which he states his insight, and the superb sense of balance and proportion that enables him to bring immense detail into limited compass without any sense of carrying a load. These qualities, which used to be confined mostly to the treatment of battle scenes, are now more broadly oriented, and Catton shows an admirable grasp of the deep national transformation wrought by the war.

THE only way to convey these features is to quote. On the much labored question whether Sherman burned Columbia: "Perhaps all that needs to be understood is that Columbia began to burn when Sherman's soldiers arrived, and stopped burning when they left." On why military history is important: "Yet proclamations, dispatches of statesmen, the postures of governments themselves, would in the end mean no more than the deeds of soldiers in the field made them mean." On the fallacy in John J. Crittenden's proposal to make restoration of the Union (without emancipation) the sole object of the war: "He simply believed that it [the Union] could be saved by mutual consent if the attempt to save it could be strictly divorced from the attempt to define what it would be like afterward."

On the bitter freedom of the slaves: "They simply walked away from the plantation whenever they heard that there was a Federal army within range and presented themselves to their liberators with a touching faith that a new day had come; beginning thus a tragic pilgrimage that cost many thousands of them their lives and plunged all of them deep into utter misery but that did not quite destroy the appeal of the vision that led them on." On Lee's proposal to use slaves as soldiers, and then to give them freedom, "together," as Lee said, "with the privilege of residing in the South" (at a time when many emancipationists were thinking in terms of colonization): "In a way, this quietly stated argument by General Lee was the most revolutionary of all the proposals anyone put forward regarding the future of the Negro. Lee was not merely suggesting that the Negro be freed: he was saying in addition that, once freed, the Negro ought to be treated as a Southerner."

It is sure to be said, and correctly, that Catton has given a transfusion of red corpuscles to historical data which are sometimes anemic. But it should also be said that he has seen the Civil War whole, and has repeatedly cut to the quick of historical significance. Readers will enjoy it, yes, but also they may find in Catton's volumes a uniquely broad and true knowledge and understanding of what is still the epic experience in American history.

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One Forgets Even to Hate

La vita agra: It's a Hard Life, *by Luciano Bianciardi, translated from the Italian by Eric Mosbacher (Viking. 191 pp. $3.95), depicts through the first-person narration of a half hero, half anti-hero the futility of coping with the asphalt conspiracy, albeit in Italy. Thomas G. Bergin teaches Romance languages and literature at Yale University.*

By THOMAS G. BERGIN

LUCIANO BIANCIARDI is without doubt one of the rising young men on the literary scene in Italy. "Young" is here a relative term, used to distinguish him from the generation of Vittorini-Pavese-Pratolini; Bianciardi is now forty-three years old. His scars—or merit badges, depending on the point of view—are not those of Fascism but of the postwar reconstruction, including the ideological battles and the uneasy, neurotic prosperity (which takes its toll, too) of present-day Italy.

His theme in *La vita agra* is simple enough and not unfamiliar to readers of narrative fiction of the last decade. The protagonist, who tells his story in the first person, has a mission: in revenge for the collapse of a mine and the death of some forty miners he is to blow up the central offices of the responsible company. What with the distractions of city life, his involvement with the beautiful Communist Anna, and the simple need to survive from day to day, the mission is soon forgotten (as is the wife he left behind him, although he sends her at considerable sacrifice a monthly check). In effect *La vita agra* presents another poor devil, half hero, half anti-hero, trapped by his own need for companionship and some kind of security, and so the victim of the state, the bureaucracy, the law, and, most of all, the impersonal hostility of twentieth-century life. If *la dolce vita* is pointless and futile *la vita agra* is all of that and very uncomfortable as well.

The jacket lists the authors Bianciardi has translated in his day—Steinbeck, Harry Miller, Saul Bellow—and some of them have left their mark on his approach. Perhaps here and there they (along with "Jacques Querouacques," as he is cited in the text) have affected his style a little, too. Yet *La vita agra* is well worth reading. It may present a familiar situation (we all know what cars, taxes, and the asphalt conspiracy have done to us), but the manner of the presentation has a freshness about it that is quite new, and the story is told with *brio*. Moreover, the attitude of the narrator, which alternates between stark despair and ironic acceptance of his plight, has an engaging authenticity.

Some subsidiary points are well made. On sex, for example (inevitable in this kind of novel, but as far as the action is concerned, let it be noted, we get only clean sex), Bianciardi remarks shrewdly: "Many . . . say that our present civilization is dominated by sexual symbolism. Symbolism, yes . . . but not sexual reality. . . . What it amounts to is this: you are encouraged to want sex, not for its own sake but in order to get something else; heaven forbid that you should desire it for its own sake. Hence the ateleological activism of modern civilization. . . ."

These and other sociological notions flavor the narrative and add a certain vigor. But the real merit of the book is, I think, that in spite of its pseudo-nihilistic air it has the traditional virtues of good storytelling. You can see the cold winter twilights and misty dawns, and you can participate to the point of anguish in the wretched hero's daily struggle to get down twenty pages of translation per day, in spite of doorbells, telephones, neighbor's arguments, and nagging headaches of his own. If, as he learns himself in the course of his adventures, "neo-realism" is dead, then what we have here must be either neo-neo-realism or old-fashioned realism with a punch. Eric Mosbacher's translation is first-rate.

The Next Man You Meet

Love on a Dark Street, *by Irwin Shaw (Delacorte. 285 pp. $4.95), collects ten recent short stories by the author of "Girls in Their Summer Dresses." Robert Cromie is book editor of The Chicago Tribune and conducts the TV "Book Beat."*

By ROBERT CROMIE

ALL BUT two of the ten stories in *Love on a Dark Street* have appeared in magazines within the last four years, which proves that Irwin Shaw has been neither idle nor out of mind. But it is nonetheless a distinct pleasure to welcome this master of several literary forms back between hardcovers as a short-story craftsman after an eight-year absence.

In deference to the fact that "Once, in Aleppo"—an exercise in farce—won *Playboy* magazine's Best in Fiction award last year I mention it first, hastening to add that it isn't one I'll remember in the same rank with "Tune Every Heart and Every Voice," a vignette of early-morning life in a New York saloon. This polished gem of a tale, in which each character is etched with quick perfection, carries the same bittersweet aura as Shaw's familiar "Girls in Their Summer Dresses."

On different planes are "Goldilocks at Graveside," a sobering examination of the standards of some frightened people during the era of McCarthyism; "The Inhabitants of Venus," with its all-too-clear echo of Nazi boots, and "Love on a Dark Street," the title story, whose protagonist sits by his window overlooking a Paris thoroughfare and watches various episodes which mock his own romantic dream.

Incidentally, it must be frustrating for as fine a craftsman as Shaw to find so many of his new short works compared with the now classic summer-dresses piece. No matter what he does, some smarty-pants critic is going to cluck a reproving typewriter and say: "Competent, but not quite 'Girls . . .'" Obviously not. Shaw has done that once, and shouldn't be expected to keep doing it over and over under different titles. Who blames a pitcher who once threw a perfect game for turning in a one- or two-hitter?

"Wistful, Delicately Gay" should be required reading for all stagestruck youngsters, and "Noises in the City" for women who carelessly open their doors to strangers. These, like all of the stories in this highly readable collection, are expertly done.

In fact only one of the pieces, despite its comparable polish and pace, failed to come off, at least for me. This is "A Year to Learn the Language," which involves a young American woman studying painting in Paris and her love affair with the usual dashing Frenchman. Here, I felt, Shaw resorted

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to a contrived and unconvincing ending for a story that got out of hand. Aside from that final one, and from another which I found superb except for a superfluous and weakening paragraph, *Love on a Dark Street* is a book that will stand alone, without the need of bolstering by comparison with any of its author's five previous collections.

Shaw is a fine observer with a well-trained ear; his conversations, whether real or invented, give the impression of inevitability. He has the gift of all great storytellers: when he's really swinging, he creates characters as genuine as that odd couple across the street, the curious patrons of the corner bar, the tragic figures from the headlines. They are individuals who walk into the living room of your mind, ensconce themselves, and refuse to be dislodged.

The Deadliest Irony

It's Cold in Pongo-ni, *by Edward Franklin (Vanguard. 158 pp. $3.95), set in Korea, epitomizes war as "a big, bloody zero." Hoke Norris is the literary editor of the Chicago Sun-Times.*

By HOKE NORRIS

THE BEST fiction is shared experience. Judged by that standard, and by any other that a critic might suggest, this short novel about the Korean War is splendid fiction. We know from the beginning that Edward Franklin has been there and has brought it back with him. He succeeds in sharing it with us in spite of the obstacles that he places in his own way. Do we need another war novel? Furthermore, do we need another war novel using that tired old device, the squad of soldiers followed through a single action? Franklin wisely ignored, or better, was unaware of the dangers of such a cliché, and innocently wrote a novel that we need: One that denudes war of all its false adornments of patriotism, sentimentality, heroics, melodrama and romance.

It's Cold in Pongo-ni, then, must be placed not with the stories of Hemingway and Faulkner, who were romantics, but with such sobering, chilling works as *The Red Badge of Courage,* works that offer no special plea, no concession, and no salvation in their study of war. These are realistic tales, and so must be called novels of irony, because the fundamental reality of war is that its every act and its every utterance are irony. It is the more bitter because we are unaware of it or refuse to acknowledge it. Perhaps only the artist can force it upon our attention.

In fiction, irony is a treacherous element—too often it seems contrived and self-conscious—but in Franklin's first novel we accept it because it is simply there. A Marine lieutenant named Richard, the "Peace Officer," drinks Scotch with his captain: "Scotch, he discovers, wrong for the setting, as wrong as sitting in the dirt of one of the fighting holes and eating artichoke hearts with sooty fingers." Richard is about to lead a patrol near Panmunjom, where other men are discussing peace in the midst of war. His colonel wants a prisoner, a real live one, and offers a case of whisky and ten days of Rest and Recreation in Tokyo to the man who brings one back. The colonel makes a patriotic speech, but he is troubled. One of the eight men selected for the patrol is a star fullback, and an important game is coming up the next day. The colonel, however, finds the answer: The fullback Jarvinen can make both teams. A jeep will pick him up the next morning, on his return, and take him to the game.

Such is the spirit of the novel—natural, easy, simple, honest, and innocent in its implied attitude: Doesn't everybody know? No, very few know, and most of them deny it. They deny the obvious truth that Franklin makes clear, that the war is the most inane, absurd, inefficient enterprise that man ever launched himself upon. "We win, they lose. They win, we lose. And it all comes out as one big, bloody zero." The combat man knows that there have been many big, bloody zeroes. Or consider the effort, time, and ammunition (*i.e.*, money) necessary to kill a single man. You can light up the sky with gunpowder and TNT and never touch anybody. Such ineptness in a mechanic would cost him his job. In war it might get the brass a promotion.

Franklin's book will never be required reading at Parris Island or in the Pentagon. Perhaps all the wrong people will read it. Perhaps the right people would be Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts and Sunday school classes. They might see the truth before it is too late.

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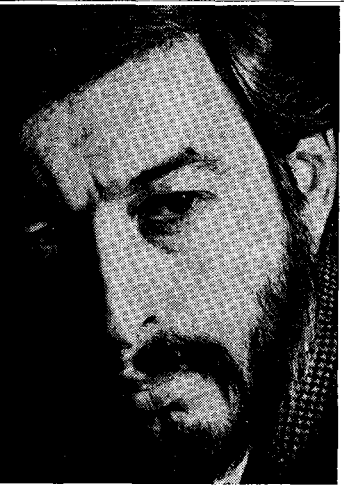
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On the Fringe

Continued from page 46

been arguing about Burroughs and *Candy*?

"I have had all my life a total and sincere repulsion for everything bourgeois. That does not necessarily mean I am in favor of Bohemianism and beatniks. I am involved in a crusade against conformity—it has motivated everything I have done in publishing—though I really do not think of what I am doing as a crusade. An attitude, perhaps.

"At the moment, I admit that there is in literature an explosion of bad taste, though I prefer the erotic in the current frank manner to the *Peyton Place* style. But when freedom is total in this country, only good books and inventive publishers will survive. The writers won't have to take the provocative attitudes that Miller and Lawrence adopted. Sex will be an integrated, normal part of a plot. It's all Dr. Freud's work, after all.

"I have published books in two categories. In the first are the books of intense literary merit with themes that were unacceptable a few years ago. *Lolita* is a perfect example. The proof was in its rejection by American publishers when I first brought it out. I enjoyed publishing *Lolita*, though I had no faith in it as a commercial success. In the second category are the d.b.'s—dirty books. Pure provocation purely to make money. *Candy* was commissioned for its special public.

"Of all the books I have published I like best *I Hear Voices*, by Paul Abelman. You do not know it? Ah! It has no four-letter words and none of my illustrious British and American colleagues ever got interested in it.

"Within a year from now I plan to bring Olympia Press here, to the United States. After all, gradually, without even knowing it, I have become an American publisher; I didn't know I had such important writers until the American market convinced me. I have no money, only the imprint, but I promise myself to become rich—and quickly. When I was a boy it was all right to be broke, but I'm a grown-up man now."

Before Maurice Girodias begins to pack his empty bankbooks, there is a little matter of prison to be settled in France ("It hurts me that I have to live in a country of bourgeois."). At home his publishing activities earned him an eighty-year ban from publishing, four to six years of prison sentences, and some $80,000 in fines. As a result of appeals, the fine, ban, and sentence have been greatly reduced, but Girodias still faces a three-month prison term. A Gallic shrug. "I think they would feel silly if they put me in jail. It is an embarrassment all around." —HASKEL FRANKEL.

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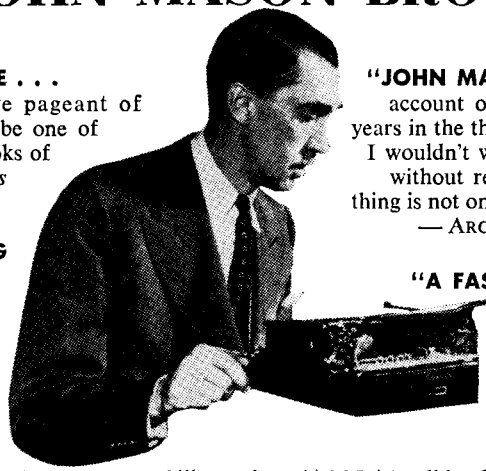

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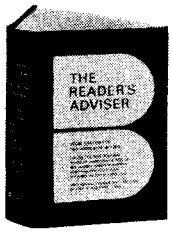

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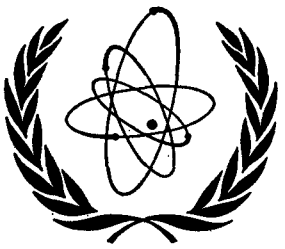

—IAEA Bulletin.

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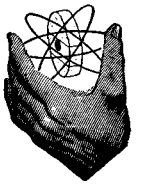

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait CII • Science in Journals • Research Frontier • Letters to the Science Editor

ARTICLE: Henry Seligman's Sisters of Mercy

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

CIVILIZING THE ATOM

VIENNA.

A CIVILIZING influence flows with the River Danube through this ancient meeting place of Old World cultures. The grace of the waltz is in it, mingled with the elegance of Beethoven symphonies, Haydn chorales, and Mozart concerti. There are intermissions of soothing hush from the Vienna woods. There are sights and scents of regal parks where rows of stately trees are sculpted vertically like green garden walls, while branches of other rows are pruned into arched vaults like cathedral naves. Always under the arches and beside the walls are benches waiting with armloads of dreams for tiring passers-by.

There is power in the fingers cradling this tenderness and beauty. It reached over the ramparts of a monastery on a hilltop outside the city and stopped the advance of the slaughtering Turks in 1683, thus preserving the Christian faith in the Western world. In 1955, resilience born of long pain and suffering persuaded the Communist East and the capitalist West that an independent democratic socialist Austria was preferable to continuance of a land divided among opposing forces of military occupation. And today the civilizing process is again at work so subtly that peoples roundabout are almost wholly unaware of a glimmer in the East that could in time grow and brighten into a new dawn of peace.

Ninety-three nations are now regularly booked at an old Viennese landmark, the Grand Hotel, near the State Opera, in hope of celebrating conversion of the atom from a terrifying foe to a friend learning to smile.

When the International Atomic Energy Agency—with which these ninety-three nations are associated—moved into the Grand Hotel as a guest of the United Nations in 1957, practically no one thought the stay would be long or of much real benefit to anybody. The American war hero, President Dwight D. Eisenhower, had startled the world in 1953 by proposing creation of a world bank of fissionable materials for peaceful use exclusively. He had thereby frightened witless the conservatives of his own Republican party, who feared as much as the Russians did any genuine prospect of inspection by outsiders of atomic furnaces (commonly called reactors) built and operating at home. On General Ike's personal order, an American deposit of uranium was formally pledged, but such rigid controls were put on it that the original conception of a fission bank is yet unrealized. In practice, IAEA operates rather in the nature of a brokerage house, executing only those transactions which have already been arranged between a specific donor and a specific recipient of atomic furnaces and furnace fuels.

Nevertheless, in eight years' time, a slow and gradual civilizing of the atom has taken place in the benign atmosphere of the Grand Hotel.

At the start the opposition to any sort of policing system almost wrecked the Agency. The Russians looked upon the first Director General, W. Sterling Cole of New York, former chairman of the U.S. Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, as a symbol of the principle of safeguards. They therefore opposed his election. And when, at the close of his four-year term in 1961, a Swedish scientist, Dr. Sigvard Eklund, was nominated to succeed him, they opposed Eklund, too, and went so far as to accuse him of espionage in order to discourage his acceptance of the post.

But first Cole and then Eklund persisted in bringing the safeguards issue before the IAEA Board of Governors on repeated occasions. When Japan sought three tons of natural uranium for a research reactor in 1958, the Board responded only to the extent of approving interim reports and inspections. General principles for safeguarding were drafted by the Secretariat and considered by the Board at a number of meetings. Not, however, until 1960 was a working group of experts drawn together to formulate a system of regulations. After some wrangling over amendments, this system was formally adopted in 1961 and first applied to a research reactor and fuel in Finland.

But the system applied solely to research, test, and small power reactors generating only up to 100 megawatts of heat.

During that same year 1961, the Board adopted detailed provisions relating to inspectors. It agreed that an Inspector General should be named by the Director General subject to the Board's approval.

It took four years to find a man acceptable to all twenty-five members of the Board. He turned out to be a husky, good-natured Australian lawyer, Allan Douglas McKnight, who is just now ending his first year in office.

Meanwhile, in February 1963, the Board asked the Director General to prepare suggestions for the extension of the safeguards system to reactors capable of generating more than 100 megawatts of heat. The resulting draft was approved in June 1963, amended in February 1964, revised again in February 1965, and finally sent to IAEA's ninth General Conference "for consideration and appropriate action."

As these words are written, the ninth General Conference is in session in Tokyo, where the most dependable augury of reaction to the safeguards issue is probably the Board's unanimous renomination by acclamation of the once-controversial architect of safeguards, Director General Eklund.

"The new safeguards document," as it is known to the 650 international civil

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—IAEA.

Vienna's Grand Hotel, IAEA's home.

servants who staff the IAEA headquarters here, obliges the Agency a) to avoid policing methods that might hamper a state's economic or technological development, b) to execute the safeguards in a prudent manner, c) to permit consultation between an offending state and the Director General on any questions of enforcement that may arise, and d) to refer to the Board any proposal to stop construction or operation of a principal nuclear facility.

The Agency's inspectors are further bound not to reveal confidential information acquired in the exercise of their duties, nor to apply in any instance safeguards other than those covered by the particular working agreement governing that particular instance.

Within this elaborate framework of qualifications, "the document" sets forth a sliding scale of inspections depending on the size and power of the reactors involved. The inspections range from one a year to one a month until a capacity of sixty kilograms (132 pounds) of fissionable material is reached. Once past that level, a reactor is subject to access by inspectors at all times.

What accounts for acceptance of even such restricted inspection terms by nations on both sides of the Iron Curtain?

As IAEA Director General Eklund suggests elsewhere in these pages, the decision is largely a practical matter. Consider the atomic power statistics:

1955	5	megawatts
1958	185	"
1964	5,000	"
1967 (estimated)	10,000	"
1970 "	25,000	"

The same fuel that generates atomic power is capable of making atomic bombs. If safeguards against diversion of fuel from peaceful to violent purposes are not adopted now, the danger of proliferation will soon be out of control.

Another measure of the problem can be taken from the minutes of IAEA Board meetings during the last two years. By June 30, 1964, the Board had approved twelve safeguarding agreements between donor and recipient members. By June 30, 1965, the Board approvals of such pacts had jumped to twenty-four.

ONLY one power-producing reactor is actually under IAEA inspection at the present time. It is the famous "Yankee" in Massachusetts. If events proceed according to schedule, however, the Japanese "Tokay" will be ready to receive inspectors late this year, and two new United Kingdom installations at Bradwell will start up under supervision early in 1966. After that the speed of growth of the procession is anyone's guess.

How well Inspector General McKnight is prepared to cope with a sudden deluge of inspection requests is a question of lively off-the-record debate within IAEA. He has a staff of only eleven men, headed by his division

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—CII

BARGAINER IN PLOWSHARES

Ironman Sigvard Eklund

THE NORTHERN Swedish countryside around Kiruna is famous as a source of high-grade iron, most but not all of which is drawn from the earth in the form of ore. A sizable vein of the hard, tough metal somehow got into the backbone of Dr. Arne Sigvard Eklund, whose father drove one of the locomotives that haul great trains of ore from the mines in Sweden through the mountains to the Norwegian seaport of Narvik.

The late great Swedish Secretary General of the United Nations, Dag Hammarskjold, knew where Eklund had come from and so knew what it was fair to expect in 1961.

Eklund had just been nominated to serve as the second Director General of the International Atomic Energy Agency headquartered in Vienna. The Russians, trying to embarrass him into refusing the appointment, accused him of atomic espionage and threatened to walk out of IAEA if he took the post. Disaster would ensue, it was implied, because all the Asians and Africans would follow the Soviet delegate through the door.

"Don't run away," Hammarskjold admonished his coldly smiling countryman. "You can't abandon an opportunity like this one. Those of us who believe in peace must stand up for it."

Eklund stood. He was elected.

The chief Soviet delegate to IAEA, Vasily S. Emelyanov, walked out in protest, as he had threatened. But he walked out alone. And he walked back the next Monday to carry on as usual.

"There was nothing personal in it," Eklund says today. "I think it was part of a larger policy maneuver. I was accidental to it. You'll recall that Premier Khrushchev was at that time arguing for 'troika' in the UN. I've never had a bit of trouble with Emelyanov or any other member of the Russian mission to IAEA from my first day in office."

If there were any reason to doubt the Director General's word, persuasive proof of his statement lies in his recent re-election, not only by unanimous vote but by acclamation.

—IAEA.

Director General Sigvard Eklund

Doubting his word is not, however, a popular exercise. He is known throughout the Agency for scrupulous honesty, fairness in deciding conflicts, mildness in approaching problems, and firmness on principle.

Any less demanding set of characteristics would hardly survive the environment, for the Director General must run the Agency through five deputies representing five quite disparate nationalities.

All legal, budget, personnel, protocol, and public information matters clear through Algie Wells, a former member of the staff of the U.S.A.E.C.

The overseeing of research is delegated to Englishman Henry Seligman.

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—*IAEA.*

Original IAEA Director General Cole (left) witnesses successor Eklund's oath.

director Slobodan Nakicenovic, a Yugoslav, and including seven inspectors: an American, an Argentinean, a Briton, a Frenchman, a Hungarian, a Japanese, and a Russian. This tiny company is even smaller than it seems because under prevailing rules no inspector may work in his own homeland. To make matters still more confining, the Western nations will not accept Eastern inspectors until the nations of the East open some of their reactors to IAEA scrutiny. Neutral Norway may have broken the impasse on this point by agreeing to receive Mr. McKnight's Soviet inspector; but the effects of this gesture elsewhere have yet to be shown.

The IAEA budget for safeguards and inspection is a mere 3.4 per cent of the Agency total, and the inspection staff makes up only 4 per cent of the professional personnel of the Agency. These figures distress some of those who carry the inspection job on their shoulders. Unhappy contrasts are drawn between the 1966 IAEA safety budget of $417,000 and the $10,000,000 the United States government spends on a single array of earthquake detecting instruments to expose clandestine underground bomb test explosions.

THOSE responsible for management of the IAEA budget concede that if a nuclear control agreement were to be reached at Geneva, the number of inspectors required to police the pact would run from 5,000 to 10,000. But, they say, the universal attitude toward inspection will guarantee plenty of advance warning time.

It would be gross miscalculation to suppose that what goes on in Vienna's Grand Hotel is in any sense more than a beginning. But it is a sincere and serious beginning that should be watched and encouraged by the American people. Their representative on the IAEA Board of Governors is backed by a five-man mission headed by the noted Princeton physicist, Dr. Henry Smyth, and

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Technicalities of reactor operation affecting health, safety, and waste disposal are watched over by Gennady A. Yagodin of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Fellowships for training, and equipment required to facilitate them, funnel through Upendra Goswami of India.

Safeguards against diversion of uranium to military use are in the hands of Inspector General Allan Douglas McKnight, an Australian.

No one ever believed the charges that Sigvard Eklund had been a spy.

No one ever seriously challenged his competence as a scientist.

That science would be his career had been settled early in his life, by the inspirational impress of two physics teachers in secondary school at Narvik and Lulea. Both these men, Rektor Uno Gronlund and Dr. Ragnar Lundblad, are still alive and are still occasional correspondents of their noted pupil.

At the age of twenty-five, IAEA's future Director General had his master of science degree from the University of Uppsala, and in the next year was lucky enough to begin working under Professor Manne Siegbahn at the new Nobel Institute for Physics in Stockholm. Professor Siegbahn had won the Nobel prize for physics in 1924 in recognition of experiments in X-ray spectroscopy. He encouraged young Eklund to track nuclear particles in cloud chambers and fire them from particle accelerators. The result was a doctoral thesis, again at Uppsala, in 1946, followed by a shift in scene to the Swedish Institute for National Defense, where the now Dr. Eklund started a division of nuclear physics in the wake of the Smyth Report on the first American A-bomb.

Then came, in rapid succession, an assistant professorship in nuclear physics at the Royal Institute of Technology, directorship of research at the Swedish atomic energy establishment, directorship of the reactor development division in that same institution, and finally the post of deputy to the managing director.

He played a role in building the underground heavy water reactor at the Royal Institute for Technology, and participated in the early planning of the power reactor at Agesta, which among other things heats the homes of 20,000 people.

His international career began in 1953, with membership in the working group of the European Atomic Energy Society. He has since chaired a study group on experimental reactors for the Organization for European Economic Cooperation, served in various functions for the board of management of the British high temperature reactor called "Dragon," helped plan a boiling heavy water reactor for Norway, headed an information mission on nuclear ship propulsion, and filled a nine-month assignment as secretary general for the Second International U.N. Conference on Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy.

His election as Director General of the International Atomic Energy Agency seems particularly appropriate to his membership in the Royal Swedish Academy of Engineering Sciences. For the tasks that have engaged him during the last four years and will engage him during the next four demand engineering skills of new and grand dimensions.

His wife, Anna-Greta, a former teacher of languages in the schools of their native Sweden, has contributed her talents to the enterprise on occasions made otherwise solemn by visits of foreign dignitaries. Two of their children, Kerstin (twenty-two) and Anders (nineteen)—the third is Gudrun (eighteen)—will carry on the scientific tradition in the study of medicine.

Dr. Eklund himself is focusing on what appears to him to be the next giant step toward global government. It crosses these questions:

"How effective are we? How well are we utilizing the staff and the money available to us?"

What it amounts to, in his eyes, is that on a steadily shrinking planet, supernational agencies are inevitable. But they are not yet popular. They must earn the confidence of peoples by doing a hard day's work for a good day's wages.

—J.L.

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—IAEA.

IAEA's Inspector General McKnight is pictured above. Immediately below, Japanese Ambassador Fujio Uchida (seated, left) joins Director General Eklund (center) and United States Ambassador Henry Smyth (right) in signing atomic safeguards pact (1963). Bottom: a committee session in IAEA's stately Board of Governors room.

their taxes pay a full third of the IAEA budget. The implications reach far beyond the boundaries usually thought of when atomic energy is discussed. The desalting of water is an example. The whole world is beset by a water shortage. The heat of atomic reactors may help to solve the dilemma. If so, where should the reactors be installed to achieve the most desirable effect? Desert Egypt offers itself as an ideal site. How would the Israelis respond to that? With IAEA safeguards in force, historic fears of the Middle East could be dissipated.

The theme of these and following pages is the civilizing of the atom. But civilization is much more than externally enforced control. It is above all else internal discipline arising from accumulated wisdom. IAEA is not merely, or even primarily, a policing agency. It is an educational institution of global scope. Its heart is its library, filled with every conceivable kind of information about the atom—directories of nuclear power, blueprints for emergency assistance in event of radiation accident, manuals of radioactive isotopes, textbooks of atomic medicine, tomes on nuclear economics, codes of nuclear law. If men ever come to live in peace, they will find the way in books like these, the guidebooks to tomorrow.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

—*Photos from IAEA.*

SCIENCE IN JOURNALS

WHY IT'S TIME FOR ATOM POLICE

A Look at the Near Future

STOCKHOLM.

THE WORLD reserves of energy in the form of fossil fuel are estimated to be equivalent to some 3,500,000 million tons of coal (including only deposits of economic interest). This quantity would be sufficient for 800 years' consumption at the current rate. Power requirements are increasing very rapidly, however, and it seems realistic to predict that a world shortage will develop within a century or so. The need for new sources of energy is thus evident, and the possibility of exploiting such sources as wind and tidal power, solar energy, and geothermal energy has been studied. None of these unconventional alternatives has proved to have the potentialities of nuclear energy.

It has been calculated that about 600,000 tons of uranium can be obtained at a cost of between eighteen and twenty-two dollars per kilogram [2.2 pounds] of uranium oxide. Present annual production (in the West only) amounts to about 23,000 tons. Natural deposits of uranium are therefore considerable, but with the current burn-up factor of about 10,000 megawatt-days per ton, those known at present correspond to a mere fraction of the fossil fuel reserves. Only if a much higher figure can be achieved for burn-up will the reserves of uranium represent a really substantial supply of energy. In a breeder reactor [nuclear furnace which creates new fuel to replace the fuel it burns] a burn-up of 200,000 megawatt-days per ton could be attained, and in such reactors it would also be possible to use uranium from poorer ores, where the price of the raw material is less important. On the basis of such calculations, the world's reserves of uranium—including the less rich ores—would amount to at least three times the total reserves of fossil fuel. If thorium reserves are added to the uranium, the energy content of nuclear fuel is ten to twenty times that of the known reserves of fossil fuel.

Present reactors, with their quite incomplete burn-up of the uranium fuel, permit no more than a crude exploita-

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tion of available resources. The long-term solution must be reactors which utilize uranium more fully and thereby make it profitable to extract fissile material even from low-grade ores or from thorium.

If we assess the cost of plant and operation at atomic power stations today, compared with those for conventional power stations, we find that the cost of investment for most atomic power stations lies between $250 and $300 per kilowatt-hour of installed power. But General Electric's tender for the Oyster Creek reactor [near Philadelphia] has given rise to a new situation. For this power station the cost per installed kilowatt is estimated at $132, and the cost per kilowatt-hour at 4.25 mills, or possibly as low as 3.79 mills. This means that Oyster Creek is entirely competitive with ordinary steam power, and producers of coal and oil have not been slow to react.

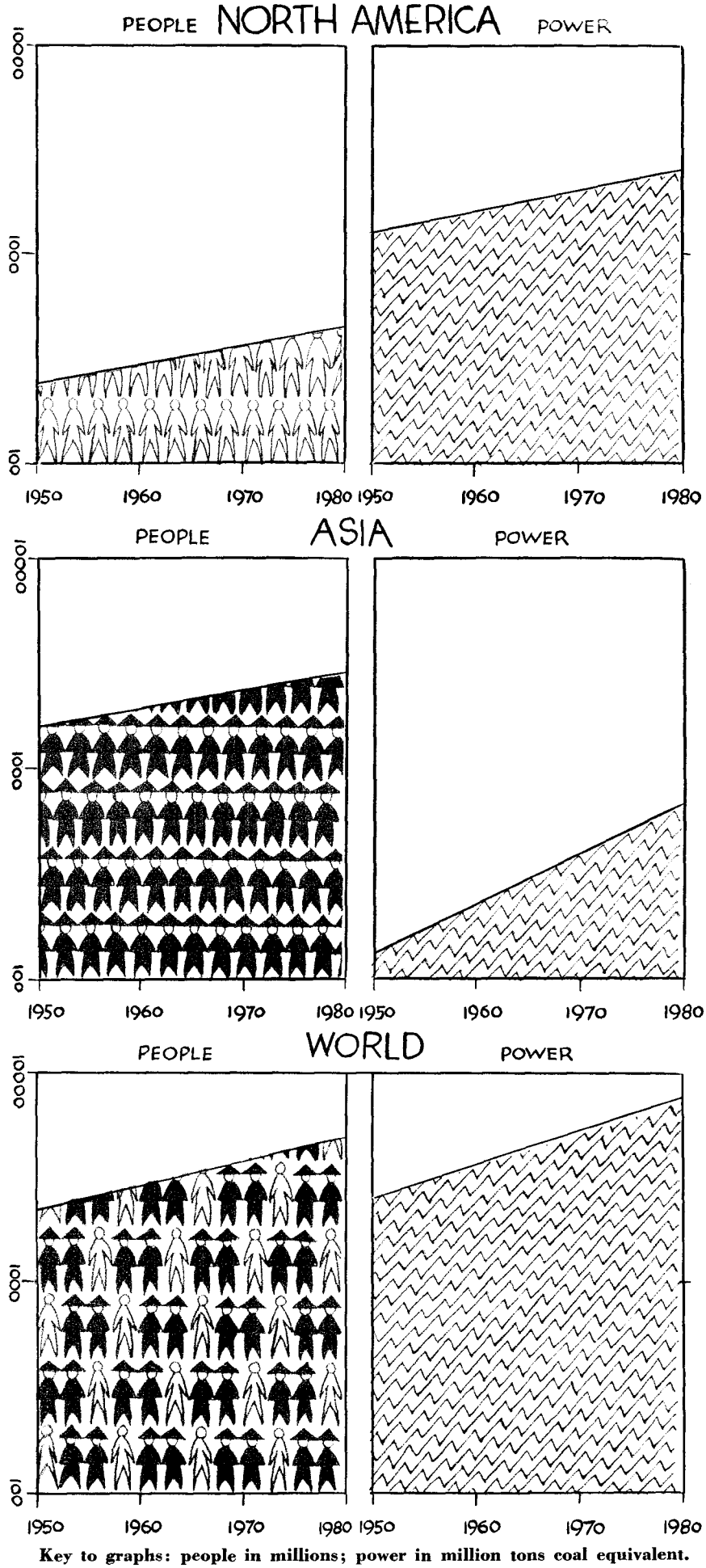
Confronted with Oyster Creek, the American coal industry has tried to get legal measures passed which would remove various state subsidies to atomic power. A decade or so ago it was commonly said that the best way to bring down the cost of atomic power would be to reduce the cost of conventional power. The tender for Oyster Creek, among other things, suggests that we have arrived at a point where the converse applies: falling prices for atomic power are to some extent a guarantee of low prices for conventional fuels.

The Oyster Creek tender also raises the point of whether it is worthwhile developing other types of reactors which cannot be expected to reach the low cost of production at Oyster Creek until a later stage. It is to be hoped that the situation will not be judged too shortsightedly, either by private concerns or by government authorities.

IT should be emphasized that the expansion of civil atomic energy programs which is to be expected will lead to the production of large quantities of fissile material. In such a situation it is of extreme importance that an international system of controls is set up, to guarantee the peaceful utilization of this material. This question is closely connected with international disarmament, an illustration of the connection being the American offer, put forward to the disarmament committee in Geneva, that the Yankee reactor in Massachusetts be placed under IAEA control.

Today there is every reason for optimism, for under certain conditions atomic power stations are becoming a competitive proposition.

—SIGVARD EKLUND
in *Svenska Vattenkraftforeningens Publikationer.*



Key to graphs: people in millions; power in million tons coal equivalent.

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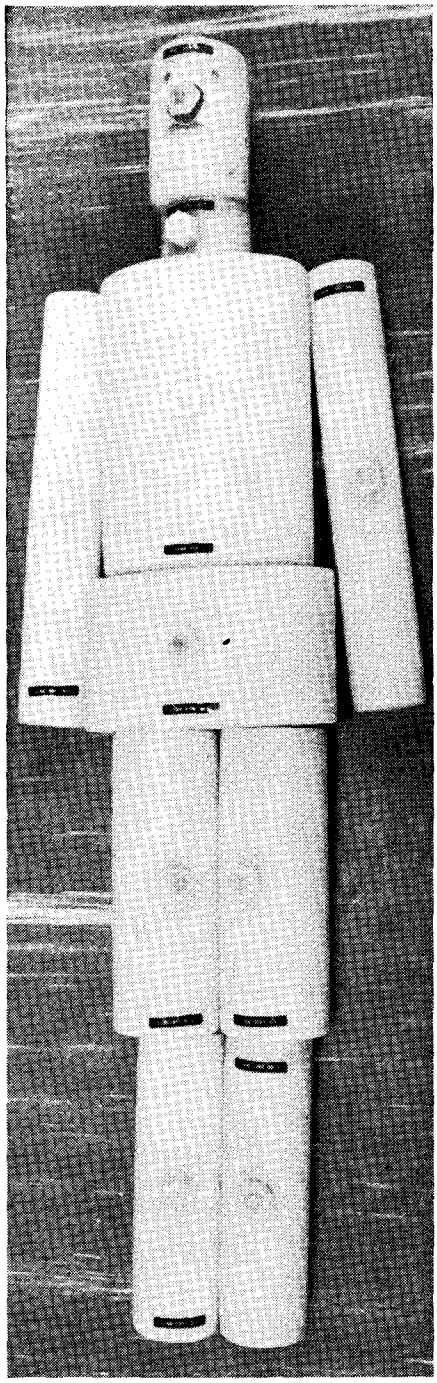

More than ninety per cent of the human body consists of water. Through it flows a continuously changing flux of chemicals, on a proper proportioning of which the maintenance of life and normal health depend. Tracing the intricate meanderings of this flow is one of the major tasks of atomic biology. In the array of plastic bottles above are fixed amounts of fluid corresponding to the liquid content of the several members of the body. Irradiation of these bottles, followed by measurement of the alterations brought about in the contained chemicals, give clues to metabolic transformations, recognizable disease, and possible therapy.

—Photo from IAEA.

HENRY SELIGMAN'S SISTERS OF MERCY

The Research Mission of the Isotopes

By STANLEY WHITE

LONDON.

ONE OF THE last books written by that eminent nonscientist Ian Fleming was titled *Thrilling Cities.* To gather information for it, he left his imagined world of espionage and James Bond in 1963 to travel around the existent world. In Vienna an appointment was made for Fleming to visit the headquarters of the International Atomic Energy Agency in what once had been the Grand Hotel near the Austrian State Opera. He approached the visit with a jaundiced mind because he believed that all international bodies waste a great deal of money, turn out far too much expensively printed paper, and achieve very little indeed. His secret intent was to make sharp fun of IAEA.

"Unfortunately," he wrote in *Thrilling Cities,* "I fell into the hands of Dr. Seligman, formerly head of the isotope division at Harwell, and UK representative at the IAEA since its foundation, who completely took the wind out of my sails. Dr. Seligman is one of those intelligent, humorous, liberal-minded scientists (he reminded me of Sir Solly Zuckerman) who makes science understandable to the layman, and with a nice mixture of irony and enthusiasm he completely convinced me that the Agency, which has a modest budget and staff, was doing something really important very well."

The man who changed Ian Fleming from cynicism to advocacy of international government was born a German, schooled in Switzerland (Zurich, Lausanne) and France (the Sorbonne), and naturalized a Briton. He is Dr. Henry Seligman, the only top-level international civil servant on the IAEA staff who has held office continuously since IAEA took effective form. As Deputy Director General for research and isotopes, he has in fact been considerably responsible for building the IAEA into an outstanding example of world cooperation with minimum friction.

For those who have difficulty in distinguishing among alphabetical agencies of government, here is a lead. IAEA is an autonomous member of the United Nations system. More independent than the specialized agencies, it reports directly to the UN General Assembly, each year giving an accounting of progress in its stated mission: to "seek to accelerate and enlarge the contribution of atomic energy to peace, health, and prosperity throughout the world" while ensuring "that assistance provided by it or at its request or under its supervision or control is not used in such a way as to further any military purpose."

Creation of the Agency was proposed by the American President Eisenhower in 1953. He had in mind a world bank of fissionable material, where uranium would be deposited directly by the developed nations and be drawn upon directly by the developing nations. However, by the time IAEA came into existence four years later, the transfers of uranium were limited to the terms of bilateral pacts under which several scores of developing nations had been promised small research reactors incapable of producing either electric power or nuclear bombs but capable of manufacturing radioactive isotopes.

No then living man knew more about the potentialities of isotopes than did Henry Seligman.

He had fled Hitler's Germany for England in 1938 while veering scientifically from chemistry to physics through postgraduate study of optics. The outbreak of war in the next year sent him first into an enemy alien internment camp on the Isle of Man, and thence to Cambridge University to work with the British Department of Scientific and Industrial Research on a project called Tube Alloys.

Tube Alloys was, of course, the secret British effort to exploit the discovery of nuclear fission by Otto Hahn and Fritz Strassmann. In company with an old German schoolmate, Hans von Halban, Dr. Seligman worked with slow neutrons in an effort to produce plutonium through a chain reaction while colleagues worked on a nuclear bomb. In 1942, under an agreement between the British and the United States, the whole enterprise was moved across the Atlantic. The British scientific teams were split between Los Alamos and Montreal.

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After helping to build the pioneer Canadian reactor at Chalk River, Dr. Seligman returned to England in 1947 to take part in the construction of two big British reactors at Windscale in Cumberland. His particular assignment was to determine what would happen to radioactive wastes from a nuclear process if those should be emptied into the sea.

SIR John Cockcroft, Dr. Seligman's boss, was by then confident that electric power generated by nuclear reactors would be economically competitive with power from fossil fuels in the 1970s. The 1970s were twenty years away. What was to be done in the meantime?

As one means of wresting some profitable return from British atomic investment, Dr. Seligman proposed the sale of radioactive isotopes and fission products produced by two experimental reactors, the GLEEP and the BEPO. Cockcroft thought the idea a good one. He sent Dr. Seligman back to America to study isotope production methods already in use there. The result was a global isotope trade highly profitable to the British Treasury. Consequently, Dr. Seligman was in such demand as a lecturer on isotopes and their uses all over the earth that he set up an isotope school in a gardener's shed.

The American Congressional conservatives who feared President Eisenhower's original plan for the IAEA were under pressure from the outside world to provide a constructive alternative. The one they finally agreed on was the 1955 Geneva Conference on Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy. Dr. Seligman represented Harwell, the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority's first research center, at that Geneva meeting. Inevitably, he argued the case for energetic promotion of production and use of radioactive isotopes.

A sharp recollection of all this was in the mind of Mr. W. Sterling Cole when he assumed the post of first Director General of IAEA in 1957. Cole had been a member of Congress from the State of New York. As chairman of the Joint

—IAEA.

Dr. Henry Seligman.

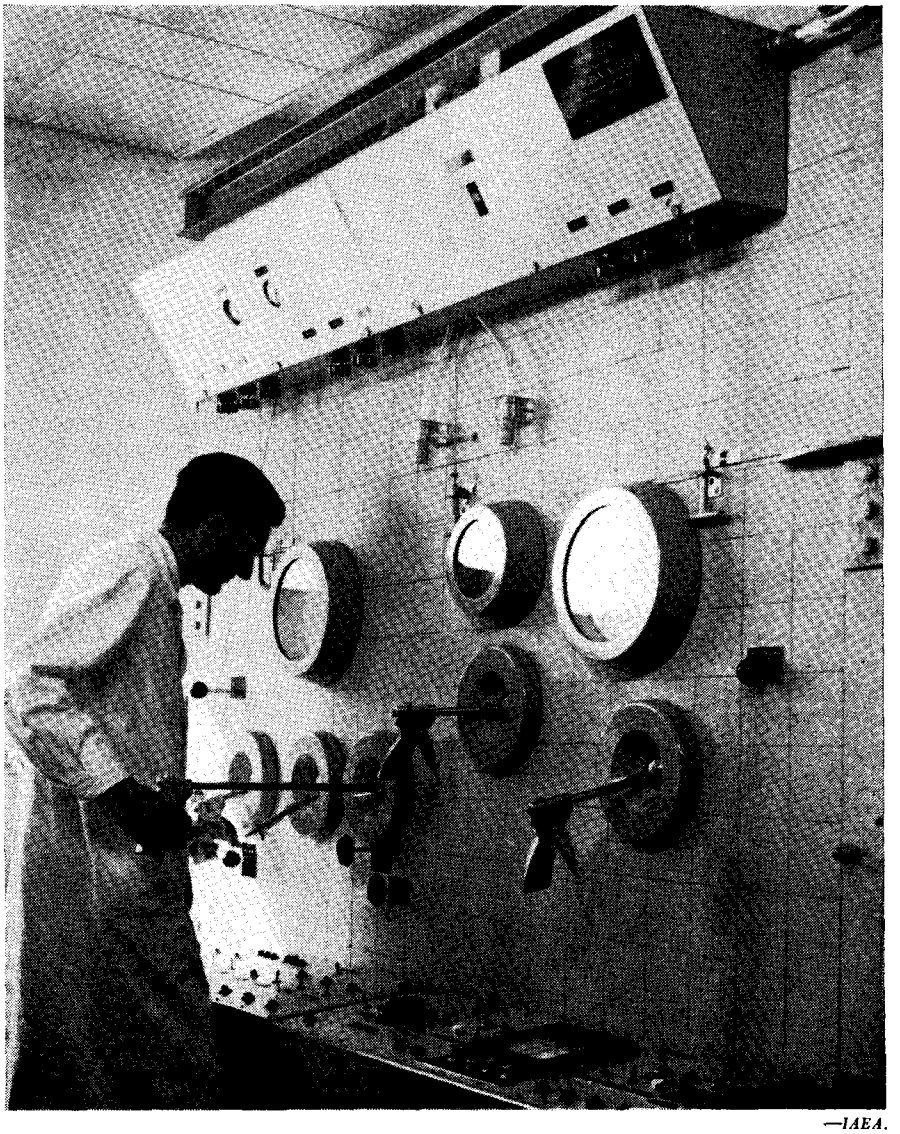
Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, he had written a letter to President Eisenhower in August 1953 urging the President to take bold steps toward providing atomic power as a gesture of peace from America to the rest of the world. Now that he had become head of the Agency that had arisen from his advice, but lacked an immediate means of executing his ultimate hopes, Cole had to face the same question that Sir John Cockcroft had faced in 1947: how to mark time without losing ground?

Cole answered the question by asking Lord Plowden, chairman of the UKAEA, for the loan of Henry Seligman.

Dr. Seligman accepted. He flew from London to Vienna with only the regulation twenty-two pounds of baggage because his working arrangement was after all merely a six-month contract. On his arrival he found his function vague and money and staff for his research and isotopes division nonexistent.

Eight years later, IAEA's contract for Seligman's services still runs for only six months. The formality of its renewal has become a regular half-yearly ritual for the Agency's Director General and Board of Governors. Some of the Board members have changed each year during these eight years, and the American Congressman Cole relinquished the Director Generalship to Dr. Sigvard Eklund of Sweden in 1961. But the only change that has occurred in Dr. Seligman's responsibility is an expansion of jurisdiction: It now covers four unique international laboratories as well as research projects extending around the globe at an annual cost of a million dollars.

Before going into details of his accomplishments, it is worth knowing something about the man. As you walk into his office on the fourth floor of the IAEA building in Vienna you are faced with a "shortie"—he is scarcely more



—IAEA.

Drawing radioactive tracers from IAEA "hot" laboratory at Seibersdorf, Austria.

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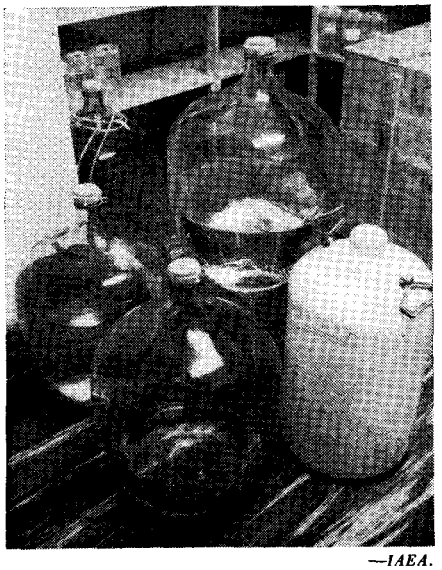
than five feet, four inches tall—hand outstretched in welcome, who quickly gets you seated and offers one of the cigars in which he himself delights. As ever with a dynamic personality, his stature grows as the conversation continues. Rapid thought is reflected in quick, fluent talk marked by occasional phraseology indicating European origin when the talk is in English; he is equally fluent and colloquial in German or French. Cheerfulness cannot help bursting out even during the most serious discussions, because for him life is fun. "I can tell you a funny story about that" is one of his most common remarks, always followed by a gentle anecdote not necessarily of great significance and even when gossipy never unkind.

Whether with a waiter in a restaurant or with a political representative who has to present an official viewpoint, his dealings are on the same quick-witted lines, with no inhibitions about badinage, a trait which helps to remove tension from arguments. Behind the ready smile and the alert eyes it is not surprising that there is an acute mind, a sense of purpose, and a facility for assiduous concentration. When an idea strikes him as good he goes to immense pains to ensure that all the information is available and the preparations ready. This was quickly shown when he decided that the best way of furthering development of research with isotopes and of getting the right scientists to work with him was to provide laboratories where research work would be possible. The idea was not warmly received at first because it looked expensive. So he "borrowed" some equipment by arrangement with his old employer, the UKAEA, and installed it in the basement of the Agency building.

Eventually the IAEA Board of Governors decided to build laboratories on a new site and suggested one next to the Austrian Reactor Center at Seibersdorf, about twenty miles outside Vienna. Only then was it discovered that Seligman had already investigated the site and made arrangements with Austrian government representatives for the site and certain services to be made available for an annual rental of one Austrian schilling (four American cents) a year. His arrangements had all been verbal, but when the time came they were confirmed in legal detail. He is always happy with verbal arrangements. "You must trust your neighbor," he says, because "if you cannot trust him there is no point in legal agreements."



—IAEA.

"Hot" water bottles, new style.

THE tendency of confidence to breed confidence probably helps to explain how Dr. Seligman was able to influence sensitive officeholders in the developing countries to circumvent deterioration of their research reactors into extravagant political toys. Some of these reactors were perhaps built mainly for prestige reasons without proper thought of the combined knowledge and specialization required to use them. With IAEA advice, offered through experienced physicists from advanced countries, collaborative ways of making use of these multi-purpose instruments have been devised and have in nearly all cases resulted in rapid progress in a number of sciences. Robert Skjoeldebrand, of Sweden, and Reinosuke Hara, of Japan, the two Seligman lieutenants who organize this advice, both argue that without the research reactors scientific advance in a country could be held up for at least twenty years.

One of Dr. Seligman's great assets as an IAEA administrator is his overall knowledge of a variety of branches of science. He keeps himself well informed by making full use of the system by which panels of specialists are called together periodically to examine IAEA research projects and make recommendations. Since the panels consist of the leading authorities on special subjects, every scheme is undertaken in the light of the most recent experience.

Another reason for Dr. Seligman's success at IAEA is his firmness in refusing to accept as members of his staff people who are obviously not suited to the designated work. This is not nearly a simple matter in an organization where international "situations" can be caused by tactless handling and where questioning a national nomination "is just not done." But he very early requested that two men should be replaced and eventually succeeded in making the point that his appointments were not convenient "holes" for good boys but an active means of advancing the benefits to be obtained from atomic energy. Now he is surrounded by men as enthusiastic as himself, beginning with his deputy, Professor Alexandre Sanielevici, a physicist from the University of Bucharest, Rumania, one of the most articulate of all spokesmen for the IAEA ideal of international collaboration.

Space available for publication of this report does not permit detailed description, or even a statistical summary, of the research contracts placed in fifty-two countries last year alone through IAEA's research and isotope division. Subjects of investigation range from calibration of radiation detection instruments to molecular biology, immunity mechanisms of the body, and bone marrow transplants. But at least six major innovations in the use of science to further world government must be credited to this dedicated company of international civil servants:

FIRST—The Seibersdorf laboratory mentioned earlier in these pages. It is the first international laboratory to be operated within the United Nations family.

Seibersdorf is run by Gerald Cook, an old British associate of Dr. Seligman. One of the key instruments in the place is a mass spectrometer given by Russia. Ivan Shatokin of the USSR, holder of a Ph.D. from Moscow University, who looks after the maintenance, operation, and interpretation of readings of this device, cancelled his holiday arrangements on short notice this year because he did not want to break a series of measurements he was making for an American colleague.

SECOND—The oceanographic laboratory at Monaco. Hewn within the base of the same great rock on the top of which stands the palace of Prince Albert III and Princess Grace, the rooms of this institution have been made into chambers for investigation of the great cycle of earthly life. The oceans of the world are always in motion, undergoing continuous chemical transformation of their contents and of the immense amounts of waste poured into them by man. The chemicals are absorbed by primitive organisms such as plankton and through successive stages reach the larger sea creatures which themselves provide much of mankind's food.

As the atomic age develops, more and more radioactive material will enter the seas and some of it is certain to be concentrated in sea food.

Above the IAEA laboratory stands Monaco's own Institute of Oceanography, with its museum and aquarium where hundreds of thousands of people each year see for themselves the almost unbelievable variety of creatures to be found only in the Mediterranean, from a whale nearly eighty feet long to minute crustaceans. Within that same building are the offices of Commandant

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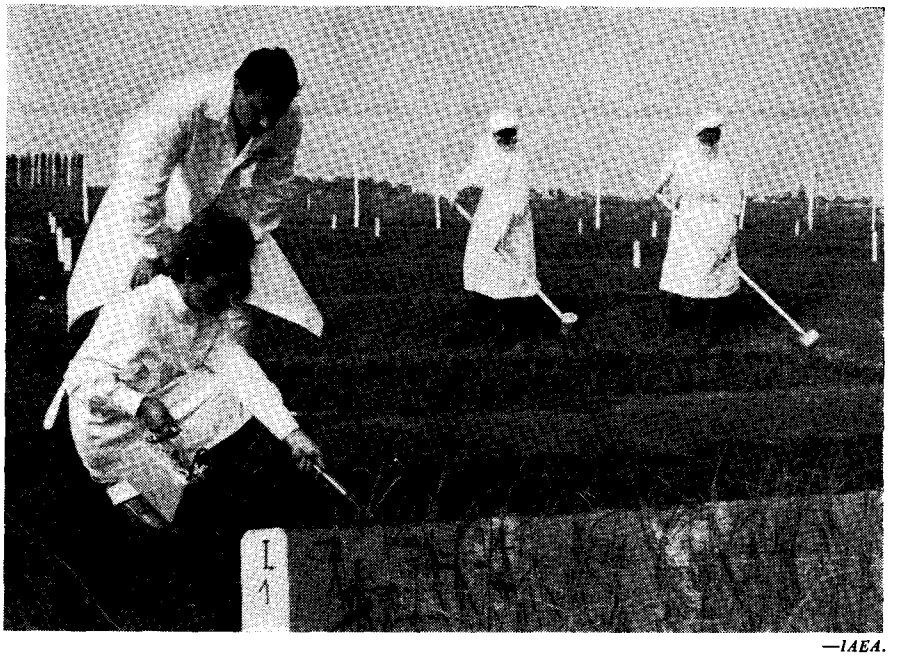

—IAEA.

Tracing radioactively tagged fertilizer's effect on rice shoots in IAEA test plot.

Jacques Cousteau, the scientific adventurer who has devised means by which men may live on the sea bed for long periods of time to establish fish farms. Here, too, are the laboratories of Monaco's Marine Radioactivity Research. The connection between all of them is that oceanography, like the sea itself, is a discipline of study within which any single aspect has a bearing on all others. Knowledge now being amassed within the tiny Principality of Monaco may have a profound effect on the activities of nearly all mankind in centuries to come.

It may surprise many who associate Monaco with holidays and pleasure to learn of the active participation of its rulers and their contributions, out of all proportion to those of any other nation of the world, to this specialized branch of science. In providing the laboratories and staff and contributing $40,000 a year to establish the IAEA lab, the Monaco government was following a tradition established by Prince Albert I, a regal pioneer of the study of the seas.

The IAEA research center at Monaco is directed by Dr. Joachim Joseph, who is also research director of the German Hydrographic Institute in Hamburg.

Dr. Joseph holds that existence of different opinions of what can be done in disposing of radioactive waste means there is insufficient knowledge based on exact scientific observation, and that the only solution is to take whatever time is required to establish the laws governing dissemination of radioactivity in the sea. The ultimate aim of the Monaco research is to forecast accurately the pattern of behavior of radioactivity in all circumstances, whether from steady disposal of waste or unexpected occurrences such as the bursting of a waste container or an accident to a nuclear-powered vessel.

THIRD—The medical research unit of IAEA. It made the first attempt to standardize hospital use of radiation techniques throughout the world.

FOURTH—The hydrological laboratory of the IAEA. In the basement of Agency headquarters in Vienna, it set up the first world-wide study of rainfall cycles, involving the tracing of tritium, the third isotope of hydrogen, introduced into the atmosphere by H-bomb test explosions. Dr. Seligman believes this to be the biggest laboratory in existence for tritium measurement. By arrangement with weather stations at nearly 200 points on the globe, the laboratory receives continuous supplies of rainwater samples from which invaluable data is being accumulated.

FIFTH—The first joint research unit to be established by two U.N. agencies. This combines the facilities of IAEA at Seibersdorf with field experiments of the Food and Agriculture Organization—an economy move with enormous implications for the future growth and popular acceptance of world government.

Directed by Dr. Maurice Fried, an American with scholarly credentials from Cornell and Purdue, this operation demonstrates the myriad ways in which atomic research proliferates into regions of study unrelated to radioactivity *per se*. One dramatic example is insect control.

Insects can be as devastating as nuclear bombs. Their depredations can be effectively stopped if a sufficient number of males of a species are irradiated, thus sterilized sexually, and then freed to mate. Before sterilization can be performed *en masse*, thousands of insects must be bred in captivity.

The so-called Mediterranean fruit fly actually attacks most species of fruit, as well as coffee, all over the earth. This pest is now spreading through Central America, and United States fruit growers are concerned for their orchards.

Unfortunately, the Mediterranean fruit fly does not live long in captivity. Its survival depends on a symbiotic parasite that lives in the fly's intestines and facilitates the fly's digestive processes. The symbiote must reproduce if the fly is to breed in captivity long enough to be sterilized in the necessary numbers.

A yet more fascinating problem than the fruit fly is the tsetse fly, which perpetuates sleeping sickness in Africa. The tsetse fly is especially difficult to breed in captivity because it gives birth to its young instead of laying eggs. Hence each generation in the reproductive chain lengthens the time required for sufficient numbers of tsetse flies to be sterilized.

If a way could be found to reverse evolution and turn the tsetse fly back to an egg-laying insect, the time factor might become manageable. Though the possibility sounds fantastic, Dr. Fried says it is not to be ruled out.

SIXTH—The International Center for Theoretical Physics at Trieste. This is the first physics study center open to the entire world.

Conceived by the brilliant Pakistani theorist, Professor Abdus Salam, as a place where teachers in developing countries might continue their education and research, the center was at first opposed by the developed countries. But the developing countries held the larger number of votes in IAEA and they pushed the idea through, to everyone's subsequent satisfaction. The Italian government provided land and buildings, as well as cash, to establish the institution in Trieste. Several important symposia have been held, including one on nuclear particles and one on plasma physics (see THE RESEARCH FRONTIER). Two years from now, the Trieste center may set a new precedent for IAEA science by staging a world conference on the whole range of theoretical physics. Such a meeting has not been held for half a century. Its repercussions might be felt for another half-century. The exchanges of knowledge involved would multiply the bonds among men that lead to peaceful understanding.

Stanley White, a former director of information for the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, recently completed a two-month study of IAEA.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—IAEA.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *It's an old question to the men pictured (left to right): Prof. Abdus Salam of Pakistan, Prof. Paolo Budini of Italy, Prof. Alexandre Sanielevici of Rumania, Dr. Henry Seligman of Great Britain, and Dr. Robert Oppenheimer of the U.S.A. They sit on the Scientific Council of the International Center for Theoretical Physics at Trieste, brilliantly successful innovation of IAEA. Intended to encourage young scientists in developing lands, to continue their education and keep abreast of new research, the Center has in fact brought together great minds from everywhere. The text below is taken from the introduction to a Trieste symposium recently published in book form under the title,* Plasma Physics.

BY W. B. THOMPSON
Clarendon Laboratory, Oxford

TRIESTE.

IONIZED GASES are found naturally throughout most of the universe except on the surface of cold planets, such as the earth. Ionization, however, begins in the upper layers of the earth's atmosphere where ionization produced by solar radiation was first detected by its effects on radio transmission and has since been intensively studied—this is the ionosphere. Above the ionosphere is a layer of diffuse ionized gas which can be studied through its effects on the earth's magnetic field, a study which has been supplemented by direct investigation by rocket and satellite flights. In the magnetosphere, satellite and rocket observations have revealed belts of high-energy particles (the Van Allen belts) trapped in the earth's magnetic field.

Beyond the earth's environment, which might best be defined by the geometry of the magnetic field, satellite observations have confirmed what had been inferred from the occurrence of the aurora, that streams of plasma from the sun are impinging upon the magnetosphere. What was perhaps less expected is the presence of a small magnetic field in interplanetary space, a field with small-scale variations which require a current-carrying plasma stretching between the sun and the earth. On the sun itself temperatures are so high that throughout most of its volume matter is completely ionized, the major exception being the photosphere, where the principal constituent, hydrogen, has recombined. On the other hand, low-frequency electromagnetic interactions are unimportant except in sunspots of magnetically active regions. Magnetic interactions appear to be responsible for solar flares of prominence—vast storms on the sun's surface—and determine many of the properties of the diffuse, hot corona.

Plasma physics is clearly essential for anything other than the most parochial understanding of nature and must be central to any study of natural philosophy. Does it, on the other hand, have any relevance to applied science? Here we must confess that promise has not yet been matched by fulfilment and that most of the spectacular applications seem to lie in the future.

Present applications of ionized gases depend simply on the fact that, when ionized, the gas will conduct electricity, and that ionization is produced rapidly once a critical electric field is exceeded. Major applications are in lighting, where collisions between atoms and electrons provide an efficient method of converting electrical energy into light, in switching and voltage stabilization, where the breakdown of a gas when a critical field is exceeded is important, and in rectifying alternating current which depends on the same phenomenon.

One possible application of the characteristic dynamical properties of plasma is in the direct conversion of kinetic into electrical energy. This possibility arises, since an attempt to force a moving conductor through a magnetic field gives rise to an electric field, and if suitable contacts are provided this is capable of driving a current. If the conductor takes the form of a long wire wound on an armature, this is the familiar dynamo, but if it is a hot, partially ionized gas or flame flowing between electrodes, it is a magnetohydrodynamic generator which, in principle, should extract power from a high-temperature gas, hence at high thermodynamic efficiency.

Much research has gone into devices intended to exploit this principle, experimental devices using shock tubes have shown high efficiency, and generators producing large powers for short periods (a few minutes) have been developed.

A second possible application is in the provision of drive for interplanetary vehicles. Once clear of the earth's atmosphere, the force needed to propel a vehicle through space becomes small, but the ultimate attainable velocity increases only logarithmically with the amount of propellant ejected, but linearly with its velocity of expulsion. Since chemical velocities are limited it seems practical to think of acquiring energy from the sun and accelerating the propellant to high velocities by electromagnetic forces. This makes sense only if the energy of ejection greatly exceeds the energy required to ionize the fluid. Nonetheless, the advantage of high ejection velocity (specific impulse) seems to outweigh these difficulties and much study of plasma propulsion systems has been made. There is no doubt that specific impulse in the correct range can be fairly easily reached in plasma devices, but questions of weight, efficiency, and, above all, reliability must be answered before any such device is flown.

Finally, the most spectacular and important application of plasma physics, and a major stimulus to its study, is the possibility of the controlled release of thermonuclear energy in a magnetically confined deuterium plasma. It seems, in principle, possible to confine a plasma by inducing currents in it, and allowing these currents to interact with a magnetic field in such a way that a pressure gradient is balanced by a gradient in magnetic energy, and the plasma is confined. When so confined by a nonmaterial wall, the plasma can be heated by induced currents, and since the only mechanism for heat loss is radiation, which is inefficient from a transparent, fully ionized gas, the gas can be expected to reach such high temperatures that a significant nuclear reaction rate can be expected. If conditions are right, there may be a net energy gain. A thermonuclear reactor would differ significantly from most energy sources, since the energy circulating through the reactor is comparable to the energy produced. Such a device is a power source only if losses of the circulating energy can be held down and the device operated at high efficiency.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Fluoride and Cancer

THE FLUORIDATION of a public water supply can be considered from many viewpoints, but it seems obvious that the possibility of adverse effects on the health of some people is the paramount issue. If the drinking water of a city were to be treated with a compound known to be completely harmless there would be no objection. The proponents of fluoridation maintain that water treated with 1 ppm (one part per million) of fluoride is in this category of harmlessness and has no effect except to lessen tooth decay in young children. However, the results obtained in scientific research on the biological effects of low concentrations of fluoride in drinking water render this assumption most questionable.

My contact with fluoridation came about as a result of cancer research. In one project, various chemicals were added to the drinking water of mice susceptible to cancer in order to check the possibility that some compounds might delay the onset of the disease or prevent it altogether. Among the chemicals used in this research was sodium fluoride. In the first two preliminary tests, the results obtained indicated that mice drinking fluoridated water tended to develop cancer at an earlier age as compared with control animals maintained on fluoride-free water. These earlier tests were followed by further investigations so that altogether twelve experiments involving 645 mice were used in this research. The data indicated that drinking water with as little as 1 ppm shortened the life span of mice an average of nine per cent. This was true whether death was due to cancer or noncancerous diseases (*Dental Digest*, v. 60, p. 170, 1954).

The only notice proponents of fluoridation gave to this work was to discredit it as much as possible. To this day, dental offices are supplied with material which is concerned only with the two preliminary tests involving about forty mice. The ten additional experiments are ignored.

Among the mice receiving the treated water, four of them developed bladder stones, a condition never before observed in our mouse colony. This result is of special interest since later it was reported (*Proceedings of the Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine*, v. 91, p. 189, 1956) that the fluorine concentration of a number of human bladder stones was 1,500 to 1,700 ppm. The two findings, one from experiments with mice and the other based on human material, strongly indicate the possibility that fluoride is related to the formation of at least some types of bladder stones.

Recently, another series of investigations on the biological effects of sodium fluoride have been carried out in my laboratory. In the course of these studies it has been discovered that very low levels of sodium fluoride accelerate the growth of cancer tissue as grown in mice or embryonated eggs. Further, it appears that not only sodium fluoride but the related compound, sodium bromide, also has this effect. In chemistry, there are certain elements known as halogens, and fluorine and bromine belong to this group. The results of the research with sodium bromide were published in *Cancer Research*, v. 24, p. 751, 1964, and the work with sodium fluoride was reported in *Proceedings of the Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine*, v. 119, p. 252, 1965.

The results with sodium bromide strengthen the validity of the results obtained with sodium fluoride. Both of these halides promote the growth of cancer tissue whether given to cancer-bearing mice in the drinking water or by subdermal injection. The main difference between them is that sodium fluoride is effective at lower concentrations.

When sodium fluoride is added to the drinking water, the effect on cancer growth is the same over a wide range of concentrations. The reason for this is that the body rapidly removes excess fluoride from the blood so that the plasma level increase is about the same for different levels in the drinking water (*Proceedings of the Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine*, v. 117, p. 686, 1964). In our work with sodium bromide, cancer growth was accelerated at dosages in the drinking water which ranged from 1 to 1,000 ppm, and in the fluoride studies a range of one part of sodium fluoride to fifty-five parts per million were effective in this regard.

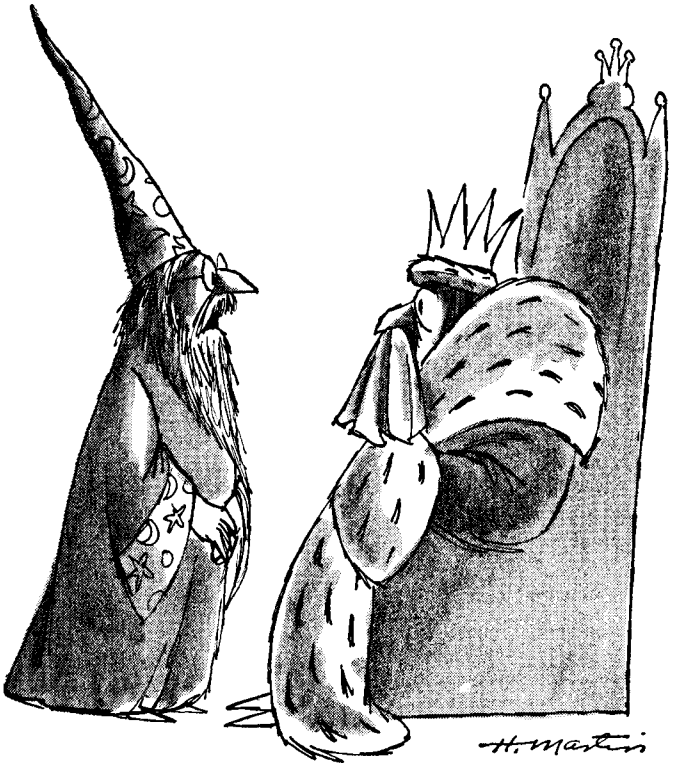
In experiments where the drug was added directly to suspensions of cancer tissue before inoculation into eggs or mice, sodium fluoride stimulated the growth of cancer tissue in concentrations of one part in more than twenty million. It will be recalled that scientists at Cambridge University (*British Medical Journal*, Oct. 26, 1963) discovered that concentrations of sodium fluoride as low as one part in ten million inhibited the growth of a culture of human tissue. If these scientists had utilized still higher dilutions they would probably have noted a growth stimulation of the tissue used in their tests.

Those who have publicly proclaimed their complete confidence in fluoridation as a health measure and have worked to have this program established in many cities are loath to admit they may have made a mistake. But the growing weight of scientific evidence that water-borne fluorides, even at 1 ppm, have toxic possibilities must finally be recognized.

ALFRED TAYLOR, Ph.D.,
Clayton Foundation,
Biochemical Institute,
The University of Texas.
Austin, Tex.

The Quiet Touch

I WAS AVIDLY READING your article on lightning and rain gushes [*SR*, Sept. 4] when I suddenly found that I was being mentioned as having done a key piece of research that supports Dr. Guy Goyer's hypothesis concerning lightning and the breaking of raindrops. I learned from your article that I had ". . . fired explosives comparable to lightning bolts in the controlled conditions of a wind tunnel and shown that single drops of water could be jolted into five to twenty fragments each." All I can say is that the experiment you attribute to me would be interesting to do, but I never did it. It's true, I did build a wind tunnel, I did suspend water drops in the air stream, and I did observe them to break up. But I *didn't* jolt them by explosives. I did it by introducing turbulence into the air stream via such sophisticated apparatus as pieces of cardboard, wires, and the back of my hand.



"You're allergic to ermine."

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Now, since this can make a raindrop break up, then maybe the acoustical shock from a lightning stroke can also jolt a raindrop into breaking. That's roughly what Dr. Goyer said concerning my work in his article in *Nature*.

DUNCAN C. BLANCHARD,
Woods Hole
Oceanographic Institution.
Woods Hole, Mass.

P.S. I enjoyed your article on Surtsey [*SR*, July 3]. Your method of telling the research story in several disciplines and having it all converge at a single point, Surtsey, is a good one.

Literature Searching

IN THE RECENT exchange between Dr. John Clark and *SR*'s science editor [*SR*, Aug. 7] concerning inaccuracies in the article on Surtsey, the volcanic island, both men put forth valid arguments.

However, *SR*'s science editor concludes his reply with an unforgivable blunder. He suggests that readers who wish to go beyond popularized articles "are accustomed to consult the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* in their local public libraries." Since *Reader's Guide* is limited in scope and purpose to indexing only popular magazines, searching there for hard-core scientific material would be pointless. Subject indexes such as the *Applied Science and Technology Index*, *Science Abstracts* (especially the physics section), and *Chemical Abstracts* would yield more satisfactory results. Unfortunately, these indexes are expensive and are useful only where extensive holdings of highly specialized periodicals are available. This means, of course, that the searcher must have access to the resources of either an academic library or a large public library.

CLYDE J. PETERMAN,
Acting Director of Libraries,
Beloit College Libraries.
Beloit, Wis.

Medicine as Art

THE SECOND SENTENCE of the second paragraph of the editor's note under "Governing Medicine" [*SR*, July 3] calls to mind a book that seems as timely today as when it was published twelve years ago: *Preparation for Medical Education in the Liberal Arts College* (McGraw-Hill, 1953). This represented the collaboration of more than one hundred liberal arts colleges. Two big conferences at Buck Hill Falls in 1950 and 1952 were directed by A. E. Severinghaus, H. J. Carman, and W. E. Cadbury, who also assembled the material for publication.

Your remarks are about the recruitment of doctors for hospital staff jobs. Preparation, competence, and competition are all involved here, as they are in what follows. I am reminded of a central emphasis in these conferences concerning the premedical student's drive to "get into medical school"; too many "grade hunters" and "greasy grinds"—even freshmen, if they are allowed to, loading up with premedical science courses to the almost complete exclusion of much that should make for their cultural broadening—becoming little more than skilled technicians. ". . . The medical school intent on admitting those persons who have a rich and broad foundation for medical training cannot rely solely on academic grades." Consensus in brief: For medicine or for any other profession, it is *undesirable* to distinguish the preprofessional student from other liberal arts students.

These matters of recruitment, of admission to medical school, and other systemic troubles of the "establishment" are in the flow of dynamic change, and the fact is encouraging.

LEE M. BROOKS,
Professor Emeritus,
University of North Carolina.
Webster, N.C.

Sophisticated Dogs

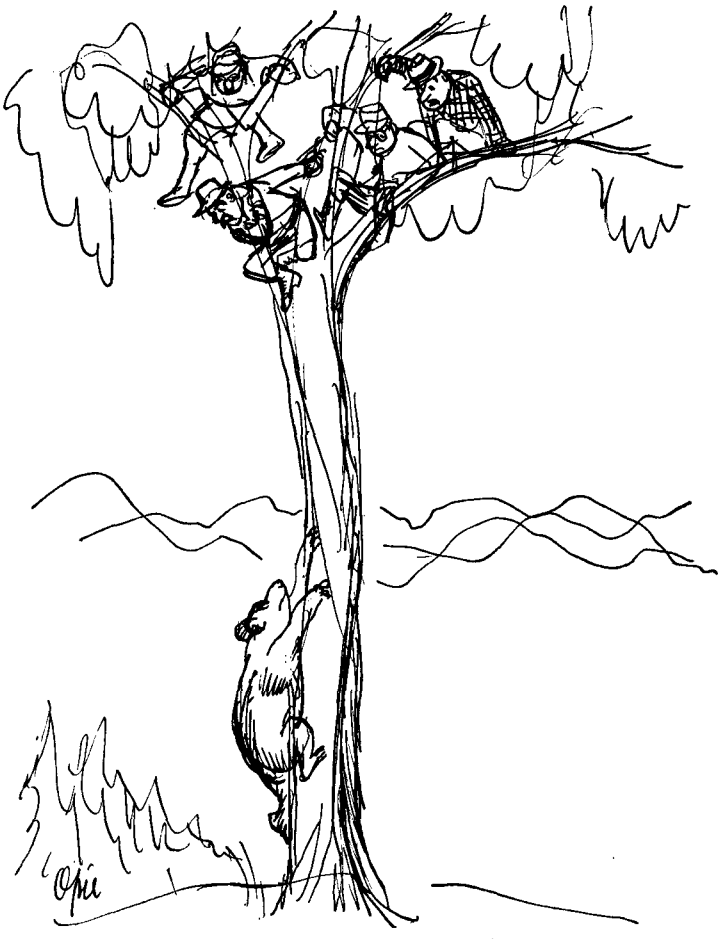
MR. JOHN PAUL SCOTT'S casual comment [*SR*, May 1] that there is no "convincing evidence" for a general intelligence factor in human beings is professionally appalling. It is a classic example of the finest rule of debate: Never let facts get in the way of a good argument. He has quite conveniently managed to ignore a sheer mountain of psychological research. Although all intelligent behavior cannot solely be attributed to a general factor, this factor is most certainly there, in theory and in practice.

For an excellent, up-to-date, critical review of this whole area, by an authority, I suggest the article "Lost: Our Intelligence? Why?" by the current president of the American Psychological Association, Quinn McNemar. This was published in the December issue of the *American Psychologist*.

THOMAS SAJWAJ,
Assistant Instructor,
Department of Psychology,
University of Kansas.
Lawrence, Kans.

I HAVE NO emotional involvement in the old controversy regarding the "general intelligence factor" in human beings. In our book (*Genetics and the Social Behavior of the Dog*, by J. P. Scott and J. L. Fuller, University of Chicago Press, 1965), we stated that we find no general confirmation of the existence of such a factor but went on to suggest that a basic element might eventually be found in connection with the ability to use language, which would handicap or help almost all aspects of learning. Dr. McNemar's article does not lead me to modify this viewpoint. Rather, I would suggest that we have gotten about as much scientific mileage as we can out of the ancient concept of intelligence and that we need to attack the problem of behavioral adaptivity with a new and more sophisticated set of concepts.

JOHN PAUL SCOTT, Ph.D.,
Research Professor,
Department of Psychology,
Bowling Green State University.
Bowling Green, O.



"It's an ironic end for the Executive Committee of 'The Wilderness Society.'"

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Literary Sampler

Continued from page 54

ing which religion is forgotten. One day I passed an old woman gathering dung by the roadside. She was using only one hand for her work; with the other she held, and turned, a brightly burnished brass-and-copper prayer wheel.

—*From "Mountains and Water," by Christopher Rand (Oxford University Press, Oct. 14).*

The Sunny Side of Chaos

AS AN UNREPENTANT SHAKESPEARIAN I sometimes wonder if, with one or two exceptions, there are no lasting criteria in dramatic writing but only fashions. Already in the anger of the young men we begin to hear whining overtones. M. Genet's black plays may soon look merely gray. He may even achieve, before he is forgotten, his full intention: he may end by disgusting us.

In the days I am writing about, the Angries, the Dirties, the Blacks, the Existentialists, the Symbolists and the Frankly Dotties were not yet in action. The talk was of Miss Horniman's authors, of Granville-Barker, Schiller, Ibsen, Shaw, Galsworthy, Masefield, Björnsen, Strindberg . . . and interminably, of course, Shakespeare. It is diverting to speculate on what our reaction would have been if the far-out plays of today had, by some Einsteinian sleight-of-time suddenly flooded our stages: diverting but idle, since there was no element in us to call them up, and plays, like players, are indeed the abstracts and brief chronicles of their times. We were still on the sunny side of chaos in those days. The excruciating need for screams of protest was yet to come.

—*From "Black Beech and Honeydew," by Ngaio Marsh (Little, Brown, Oct. 7).*

With His Eyes Wide Open

[BILL] BRADLEY'S EYES close normally enough, but his astounding passes to teammates have given him, too, a reputation for being able to see out of the back of his head. To discover whether there was anything to all the claims for basketball players' peripheral vision, I asked Bradley to go with me to the office of Dr. Henry Abrams, a Princeton ophthalmologist, who had agreed to measure Bradley's total field. Bradley rested his chin in the middle of a device called a perimeter, and Dr. Abrams began asking when he could see a small white dot as it was slowly brought around from behind him, from above, from below, and from either side. To make sure that Bradley wasn't, in effect, throwing hope passes, Dr. Abrams checked each point three times before plotting it on a chart. There was a chart for each eye, and both charts had irregular circles printed on them, representing the field of vision that a typical perfect eye could be expected to have. Dr. Abrams explained as he worked that these printed circles were logical rather than experimentally established extremes, and that in his experience the circles he had plotted to represent the actual vision fields of his patients had without exception fallen inside the circles printed on the charts. When he finished plotting Bradley's circles, the one for each eye was larger than the printed model and, in fact, ran completely outside it.

With both eyes open and looking straight ahead, Bradley sees a hundred and ninety-five degrees on the horizontal and about seventy degrees straight down, or about fifteen and five degrees more, respectively, than what is officially considered perfection. Most surprising, however, is what he can see above him. Focussed horizontally, the typical perfect eye, according to the chart, can see about forty-seven degrees upward. Bradley can see seventy degrees upward. This no doubt explains why he can stare at the floor while he is waiting for lobbed passes to arrive from above.

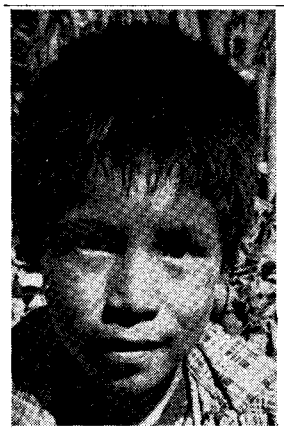
—*From "A Sense of Where You Are," by John McPhee, (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Sept. 27).*

Camouflage Kilts

IN THAT BATTLE OF CULLODEN [in 1745], the Highlanders wore any tartan that came up their backs. They had never heard of the idea of an official clan design, and if they had, they would have dodged it because in those days advertising your name could easily get you a dirk between the ribs. The old clansmen recognized their friends in battle by wearing cockades or bits of feather or familiar expressions.

The kilt they wore wasn't a badge of office, it was a traveling tent incorporating instant camouflage. The best pattern was one that would merge into the scenery. The garment itself was a length of woollen cloth, two yards by six yards, which I admit sounds ridiculous but is no dafter than a sari. At night, the clansman wrapped himself in it and slept. In the morning, he laid a belt on the ground and then carefully pleated the great lump of stuff on top of the belt. And then—yes, I know it sounds like a music-hall act, but it was strictly business—he lay down on top of the lot, brought the ends of the belt up, and buckled it round his waist. He was now enclosed in a tube of cloth, reaching from his knees to right over his head.

He then stood up, breathing heavily, and taking the upper end of his cocoon in both hands, he did the best he could



If you love children, your heart will go out to Tommy Littleraven, a 9-year-old American Indian boy who is attending school off the reservation for the first time. Going to school in town frightens Tommy. He is afraid that his non-Indian schoolmates are laughing at his tattered clothing, at his faulty English.

He yearns to join the school club, buy personal books, clothing, go out for a soda with the other boys. But his parents are too poor to give him pocket money. And so Tommy wanders off by himself and dreams that someday he will have the money to do what his non-Indian schoolmates do.

if you love children

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with it, possibly with a pin or two or the odd knot. He was now formidably insulated against cold and wet and could run like a rabbit.

—*From "A Skinful of Scotch," by Clifford Hanley (Houghton Mifflin, Nov. 16).*

Both Sides of the Family

SHE DID KNOW BETTER. The family on her mother's side at Golders Green, with whom she spent half of the vacations of her youth, had proved as innocently obtuse about her true identity as had the family at Bells Sands, Worcestershire, with whom she spent the other half. . . .

"Must you go tonight, darling?" said her Vaughan grandmother. Barbara passed round the cucumber sandwiches. "Why not go up with Arthur in the morning? Stay and be comfy."

"No, I'm expected. It's the Passover. An important festival."

The warmth of the spring oozed in through the French windows as if the glass were porous. The silver teapot danced with light and shade as a breeze stirred the curtains. The air was elusively threaded with the evidence of unseen hyacinths. So it must have been before she was born, when the family understood that her father was going to marry the Jewess, and there was nothing left to say.

"Well, I admire you for it," said her grandmother.

The young men were eating the cucumber sandwiches two at a time.

"For what?"

"Your loyalty to your mother's people. But honestly, darling, it isn't necessary. No one could possibly blame you for skipping it. After all, you don't look as if you had a drop of Jewish blood. And after all you're only half. I assure you no one minds."

"I'm awfully fond of them, you know. I don't feel the least temptation to give them up. Why on earth—?"

"Yes, I know you're fond of them, it's only natural that you should be. Only I want you to know that I admire you for being so loyal, darling. I think I'm right in saying that we all of us admire you."

"Grandmother!" said Barbara's other cousin, Miles, "Grandmother, shut up."

"There's nothing to admire, no effort," Barbara said. "The Aaronsons don't call it loyalty when I stay here. They take it for granted."

—*From "The Mandelbaum Gate," by Muriel Spark (Knopf, Oct. 18).*

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. billet, Millet. 2. lore, More. 3. gill, Mill. 4. gavel, Ravel. 5. buskin, Ruskin. 6. dash, Nash. 7. derrick, Herrick. 8. ferry, Terry. 9. buss, Huss. 10. bung, Jung.

Fall Forecast

Continued from page 49

plosive narrative of the black-white tensions in emerging Africa and the submerging manhood of a French-born UNESCO representative cuckolded by his wife at home and abroad.

THE STRODE VENTURER. By Hammond Innes. Knopf. $4.95. The uncharted adventures of a shipping company scion more interested in seafaring than stockholders, skippered by the author of *The Wreck of the Mary Deare.*

FIFTY YEARS. Selected and edited by Clifton Fadiman. Knopf. $10. In celebration of the golden publishing anniversary of Blanche and Alfred Knopf, Mr. Fadiman has arrayed the best of their Borzoi imprint.

THE LITTLE SAINT. By Simenon. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50. M. Simenon traces the genesis of a genius in his new "straight" novel about a master painter whose vision remains pure despite the sordid circumstances of his birth and youth.

THE MULE ON THE MINARET. By Alec Waugh. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $6.95. The split-level life of a professor engaged in wartime intelligence work and married to a passionless woman.

November

THE HERESIARCH AND CO. By Guillaume Apollinaire. Doubleday. $3.95. An artistically uneven anthology of the stories and fables of the self-styled head of Paris's pre-World-War-I heretics.

AT PLAY IN THE FIELDS OF THE LORD. By Peter Matthiessen. Random House. $5.95. Four fundamentalist ministers and one American outlaw fight over the souls of a savage tribe of Amazon jungle Indians.

THE RED AND THE GREEN. By Iris Murdoch. Viking. $5. The usually cool Ireland-born Miss Murdoch becomes quite sentimental when she manipulates the complex lives of these imaginary fellow Irish.

THE GREAT COMIC BOOK HEROES. By Jules Feiffer. Dial. $9.95. Mr. Feiffer introduces and comments on this collection of the funny-paper favorites of mom in the Thirties and Forties that inspired Pop in the Sixties.

OF THE FARM. By John Updike. Knopf. $3.95. About the human vibrations set off when a second wife gets her first look at her new husband's past-filled, mother-dominated rural home.

TWO TALES. By S. Y. Agnon. Schocken Books. $4.95. A new translation of the enchanting novellas of the foremost living Hebrew fiction writer.

THE LOCKWOOD CONCERN. By John O'Hara. Random House. $5.95. The author returns to O'Hara country in this novel about a four-generation eastern Pennsylvania family. —PATRICIA BUNKER.

Broadway

Continued from page 28

during rehearsal. Instead of the old laborious and time-consuming process of writing down the desired position for each of the theater's 180 dimmers, for each of the hundred or so light changes a show may require, he will now merely push a button and these positions will be instantly recorded on a punchcard. Then the operator will take a set of these cards, insert them in the proper order, and the desired lighting change will be reproduced automatically by the switchboard. However, the operator will control the speed at which each change is made, and will be able to make corrective changes in the lighting during performances, should they be necessary.

The auditorium itself has the same steep pitch that made Mr. Mielziner's temporary ANTA-Washington Square Theater so exciting. Because of this shape and the fact that the Vivian Beaumont has limited its balcony to a few rows, the acoustics should be excellent for drama. Jules Irving and Herbert Blau, whose Actor's Workshop in San Francisco was obliged to make the best of a rented auditorium and economy-dictated facilities, must feel like *Fiddler on the Roof's* Tevya singing "If I Were a Rich Man." And anyone familiar with this dedicated pair's largeness of aim and resistance to theatrical convention, so fully expressed in Mr. Blau's book, *The Impossible Theater,* can only be gratified that at last they have a theater of such seemingly large potential and versatility.

ONE of the most recent valuable additions to a theater library is British publisher Paul Hamlyn's *The Complete Prefaces of Bernard Shaw.* For this 948-page book, designed as a companion volume to the same publisher's *The Complete Plays of Bernard Shaw,* at last provides the reader with an index to the wide spread of topics and personalities the shrewd playwright so ingeniously and provocatively managed to relate to plays that never seemed to require such elucidation for their enjoyment. That these two volumes can now be purchased through any British bookseller for thirty-five shillings ($4.90) each, dangerously puts them within the range of nonintellectuals who might take his preachments seriously. And as Shaw himself suggested, the taking seriously of any preacher is liable to get you into trouble not only with your neighbors but with the law. —HENRY HEWES.

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(Continued on page 78)

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MODERN HOUSEKEEPING COTTAGE, oceanfront, 2 bedrooms, accommodates four, full maid service. $100 weekly. December-April. Write Malgretout, Runaway Bay, Jamaica, West Indies.

HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA—On 1,000 acre estate at Bath Alum near Hot Springs, Virginia, beautifully furnished 3 and 4 bedroom houses overlooking lake and beautiful mountains. Trout and bass fishing, small and big game hunting on estate. Swimming, tennis, riding, golf and skiing available at nearby world famous Homestead Hotel. Airfield on estate. For further particulars, write or phone Clarkson and Wallace, Inc., Warm Springs, Virginia. Telephone 703-Hot Springs 839-2632.

For Winter Rental

DENNIS, CAPE COD. Attractive, authentic Cape Cod house. Completely equipped. Heat. All conveniences. 2 baths. Suitable for six persons. Mrs. Edgar Romig, 1 West 72nd Street, NYC 10023 or 617-385-3801.

WRITER—isolated Berkshire mountain home available January through May. References. Box 0-550.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

APARTMENT AVAILABLE

For Rent

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ROOM AVAILABLE

90TH STREET, BROADWAY, NYC. Large, sunny 12 x 18 room, elevator, 24 hour doorman. Male. References. TRafalgar 3-6388.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

WATERFRONT FARMS, estates on Virginia's Eastern Shore. Amine C. Kellam, Broker, Belle Haven, Virginia.

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IDEAL FOR FIRST TIME CAMPERS: Appel Farm Art & Music Center for Children. Elmer 24, New Jersey.

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"HAVE YOU SEEN MEADOW LAKES?" This retirement community of 220 ground-level apartments is situated on 103 scenic acres near Princeton, N.J., surrounding two beautiful lakes. A monthly service charge provides all food service (by Stouffer's, Inc.), maintenance, maid service, and complete medical and surgical care. . . . The Meadow Lakes Nursing Care Center, the most modern hospital-like facility of its kind, is now accepting admissions. For Retirement Community or Nursing Care Center brochures, write: Presbyterian Homes of N.J., Box 334, Princeton, N.J. 08540.

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GARDEN GABLES INN, Lenox, Massachusetts. Small, restful, charming. Beautiful grounds. Breakfast served. Open all year.

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GREEN SHADOWS will be closed October 5th until spring.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

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HERITAGE HILL. Holland R.F.D., Southbridge, Massachusetts. Discover the quiet charm of our hidden-in-the-hills little Inn. Brochure.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

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VACATIONS

THE FLYING CLOUD, high in the Berkshires at New Marlboro, Massachusetts. Superb tennis and food. A.P. Reservations, please. 413-229-2113.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1643

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Battle-cry and standard of Knights Templars.	120 114 165 192 181 79 148 29 35
B. Emma Woodhouse's husband.	11 80 48 175 130 197 24 18 158
C. Marcel's way home.	137 12 104 174 38 89
D. Scottish broth of chicken and leeks.	122 61 200 44 32 15 5 39 119 135 91
E. Start off (2 wds.)	147 133 63 16 96 141 67 7
F. Endless time.	146 102 131 149 169 71 98 64
G. Decayed, spoiled.	92 28 129 74 140 166
H. Short passage, usually quoted, suggesting contents of the chapter, canto, etc. to which it is prefixed.	184 111 72 195 142
I. Toward the left side of a ship (said of the helm).	2 8 196 188 105
J. Beautiful Indian maiden of Martha's Vineyard legends.	190 42 23 62 183
K. Of a rough, or stern, manner, speech, or countenance.	76 43 199 95 86
L. Greek letter used to signify ten.	73 191 112 117
M. Pile of soil set with the beginnings of plants.	87 151 127 30 45 118 53
N. Connecting link.	33 139 187 65 85 36 101
O. Sweet-scented herb of the iris family.	49 82 159 121 132 27 55
P. Princess of Alba Longa, Mother of Romulus and Remus (2 wds.)	77 113 88 19 47 153 164 22 84 9
Q. Having endured the most difficult or painful part of something (3 wds.)	13 68 21 152 136 103 81 40 106 10 75 3
R. Object which "wandered" less swiftly than did the first fairy Puck spoke to (*Midsummer Night's Dream*; 2 wds.)	172 31 34 185 70 125 116 51 182 6 163
S. B.C. year when Julius Caesar entered Britain (comp.)	107 178 57 60 83 128 69 162 157
T. Stand firm in an opinion.	173 109 176 58 54 144
U. Describing the home sewing machine that requires a bobbin for operation (comp.)	4 56 198 59 145 46 78 100 167
V. Bantering.	170 99 108 37 143 141
W. Well known journalist and correspondent, whose given name and initial are familiar as *Richard C.*	201 171 66 26 52 160 189 156
X. Infantile.	93 155 150 110 168 180 90
Y. To lift from beneath.	14 179 194 126 25 138 161
Z. Garden vegetable not profitably raised in a ball park.	115 177 124 1 134 20 17
Z^1 Most hoary.	193 97 123 94 186 154 50

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

1 Z	2 I	3 Q	4 U	5 D	6 R	7 E		8 I	9 P	10 Q	11 B		12 C	13 Q	14 Y	15 D
16 E		17 Z	18 B		19 P		20 Z	21 Q	22 P	23 J	24 B	25 Y	26 W	27 O	28 G	29 A
	30 M	31 R		32 D		33 N	34 R	35 A		36 N	37 V		38 C	39 D	40 Q	
41 V	42 J	43 K	44 D	45 M	46 U	47 P		48 B	49 O		50 Z^1	51 R	52 W	53 M		54 T
55 O	56 U		57 S	58 T	59 U		60 S	61 D		62 J	63 E	64 F		65 N	66 W	
67 E		68 Q	69 S	70 R	71 F	72 H		73 L	74 G	75 Q		76 K	77 P	78 U	79 A	80 B
81 Q	82 O	83 S		84 P	85 N		86 K	87 M	88 P	89 C	90 X	91 D	92 G		93 X	94 Z^1
	95 K	96 E	97 Z^1		98 F	99 V	100 U	101 N		102 F	103 Q	104 C	105 I		106 Q	107 S
	108 V	109 T	110 X		111 H	112 L	113 P	114 A	115 Z		116 R	117 L	118 M	119 D		120 A
121 O	122 D	123 Z^1	124 Z	125 R	126 Y		127 M	128 S		129 G	130 B	131 F		132 O	133 E	134 Z
	135 D	136 Q	137 C		138 Y	139 N	140 G	141 E		142 H	143 V		144 T	145 U	146 F	
147 E	148 A	149 F	150 X	151 M	152 Q		153 P	154 Z^1		155 X	156 W		157 S	158 B	159 O	
160 W	161 Y	162 S	163 R	164 P		165 A	166 G	167 U		168 X	169 F	170 V	171 W	172 R	173 T	174 C
175 B		176 T	177 Z	178 S	179 Y	180 X		181 A	182 R	183 J	184 H		185 R	186 Z^1	187 N	188 I
	189 W	190 J	191 L	192 A	193 Z^1	194 Y		195 H	196 I		197 B	198 U	199 K	200 D	201 W	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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